YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

Margaret M. Tootle of Glennville, Ga., top kick of the 36th WAAC Co., Fort George G. Meade, Md.

How Do Waacs Like the Army—and vice versa?

BEGINNING A SERIES OF WAAC ARTICLES ON PAGE 6

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The dramatic photo above was made at a landing field captured from the Nazis in North Africa. With the wreckage of a German fighter plane lying in the foreground, two B-25s of the 9th U.S. Air Force soar away to shower more destruction on the Axis.

Yep, that thing you see at the right is a jeep. But a German jeep. Part of the booty taken by the Allies in Africa, it is now being used by the Yanks, who find it very much inferior to the type which is built in the U.S.A.

When the British occupied Tunis, YANK's Sgt. George Aarons was on the job with his camera. His pictures were radiophotoed to YANK by OWI. In the one above, a young woman of Tunis welcomes the British Tommies with flowers.

As British armor rolls into Tunis, an excited and happy father lifts his daughter to the turret of a British Rolls Royce armored car to provide a unique reception for the fighting men of Britain. Everywhere the victors met the same jubilation.

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What Do Enemy Prisoners Think About the War?

By Sgt. MILTON LEHMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

(When Sgt. Lehman returned from the Tunisian front to write this dispatch, he pulled the usual batch of notes out of his pocket and found 10 pages of scribblings about Italian and German prisoners. The notes made such good reading that he decided to radio them to YANK just as he had jotted them down.)

First Case. An Italian lieutenant colonel. He says that Italy is being kicked around, that it never got a chance to fulfill its national aspirations. He believes that the Italians are fighting for their place in the sun and that they will get something for their efforts despite their subjugation to Germany. His spirits are low, however. He thinks that Germany has enslaved Italy, and he resents the German arrogance.

Domenico, a Sicilian infantryman, has a wife and three kids at home. He's still a farmer with a farmer's ideas. He only wants to go home and live in peace. He doesn't care who wins—Germany or the Allies. He says, "I'll still be a farmer."

Ascensione, from northern Italy, says that the Italians are tired, that they have suffered great hardships and don't give a damn who invades them. He's an orphan. Above anything else, he hates parades. The Fascists made him stand in parade for hours under the hot sun. He thought the whole business was a lot of baloney. He was expelled by the Fascists at one time and lost his job. It would appear from this guy that Italy is taking anybody into her Army.

Renato, a second lieutenant, 23 years old, has been married for six months and is very much in love. He volunteered for service, but now all he wants is to go home. He was in the supply room at Sened when the Americans arrived. He told his squad that resistance was useless. He is cordial, has good bearing and a nice disposition.

Antonio had been in Africa for seven months. He was an assistant gunner in an artillery division which was using guns from the last war. He said that the whole battery had been destroyed.

Italians in general don't seem to have much nationalistic spirit although some of them still have military aspirations. They wanted colonies for their excess population, they say. In the beginning they only wanted Libya and Tunisia. They figured that nobody except the defeated French would mind them moving in.

Most Italians are willing prisoners. They feel that the war is over for them. They feel that fighting is useless anyway. They think the Americans are the aristocrats of the war. "You have everything," they say to us, referring to our guns, equipment and food.

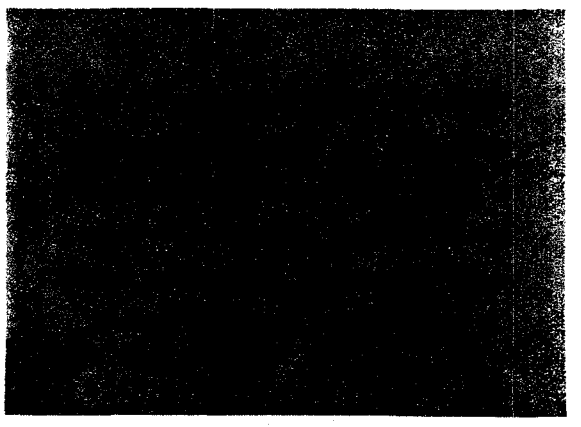
The officers feel there's no use fighting, because the Germans are always leaving them behind. The officers admire the American fighting spirit and organization. They are poorly organized themselves. The German officers command the larger Italian units and the Ities resent this.

Italian officers invariably tell the interrogators that the reason they surrendered was that "we were completely surrounded by American infantrymen."

Italian prisoners tell the story of the Italian general who sent for a German captain, who was asleep. When the messenger woke the German officer, he said, "Don't bother me," and sent one of his lieutenants instead.

Ben Abravomel, an MP from Pittsburgh, Pa., was in a truck taking some Itie prisoners to the rear. He said, "They were singing all kinds of Italian songs and all of them talked about the U. S. They kept hollering 'Hollywood,' 'New York' and 'Philadelphia' for no reason at all."

Pfc. William Sullivan of Needham, Mass., said



THE WAR IS OVER FOR THEM. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO SHOWS WATER BEING GIVEN TO NAZI PRISONERS IN A BARBED-WIRE STOCKADE IN TUNISIA.

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that several Italians came close to the American lines one time and yelled in English:

"Do you want some Italian prisoners? Don't shoot and we'll get them for you."

Another Yank got lost and wandered into a cave, smack into 25 Ities taking cover from artillery fire. They all stuck their hands up and wanted to go back with the American.

"I can't take you all back," Sullivan said. "We'll get shot."

So he picked out two of them and took them along with him.

All the prisoners were happy to be captured. Most of them had uncles in Brooklyn or aunts in New York. Few of them knew what was going on outside of their own small unit.

German Prisoners

Most of them talk freely, and only about one in 10 really gets tough. One of the Germans said Rommel had told them that the American First Infantry Division was composed entirely of New York and Chicago gangsters.

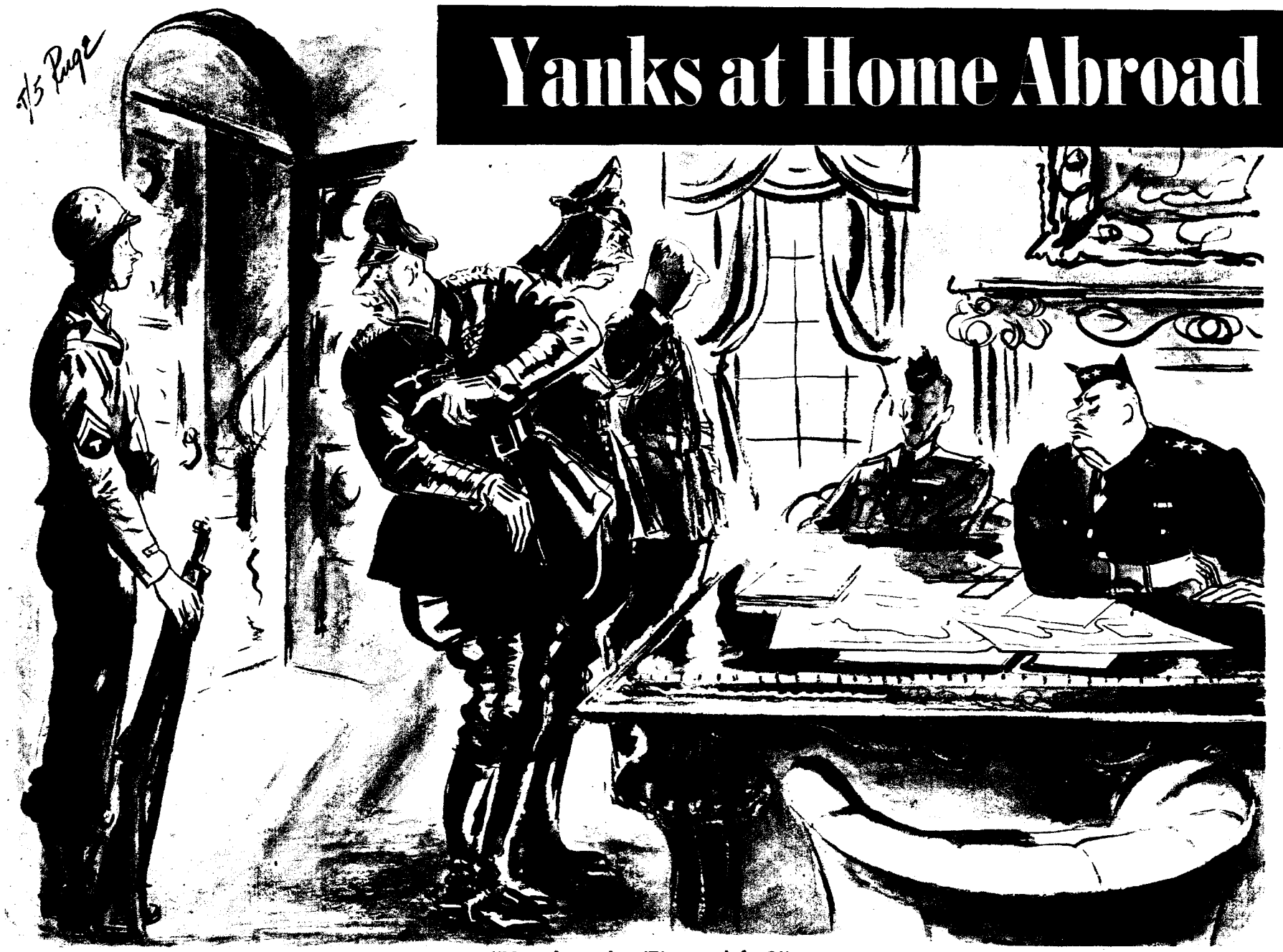
The Germans told the Italians in April that they were still in control of Oran and Algiers. The Germans, not liking to have their pictures taken, turned their backs when they were being mugged. They still snap to attention and yell "Heil Hitler" at each other.

The Germans are better military men than the Ities, but they're really simple people and not nearly as tough and efficient as they've been pictured.

There is great disparity in the ages of these men. Some of them are under 20, others are over 35. Many of them are wounded veterans of the Russian front.

They are interested mainly in eating, but they insist that they got good food in the German Army—coffee, bread and butter. Most of them think that Africa is pretty dismal.

Yanks at Home Abroad



"Vot does der 'T' stand for?"

Capture of Tunis Saved Yanks from Berlin Trip

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

TUNIS [By Radio]—When the desert-grimed United Nations columns rumbled into this last Axis stronghold in Africa, they received one of the greatest ovations ever accorded a victorious army.

Thousands of applauding and cheering civilians lined the broad avenues of the city, showering roses, lilacs and poppies upon the Tommies of the British First and Eighth Armies and the Fighting Frenchmen from the forces of Giraud and Le Clerc. There were only a few Americans in Tunis at the time of its fall. Most of the Yanks in this theater of operations, of course, were busy taking Bizerte, the second Tunisian metropolis, at the same time their allies were pouring down these streets.

One of the first American soldiers to enter Tunis was Lt. A. La Patti of New York, N. Y., a member of the special U. S. Army unit attached to the British and French patrols on this section of the front. But the title of the first American soldiers to enter Tunis really belongs to the Yank doughboys of the First Infantry Division, guys from around New York and Pennsylvania who came into the Army early in 1941 and did most of their training at Fort Devens in Massachusetts. They were captured by the Germans near Mateur during the drive on Bizerte the day before the two big Tunisian cities fell and were taken into Tunis as prisoners before the British and the French arrived. Needless to say, they were released as soon as the Allies took over.

I talked with two of these former prisoners from the First Infantry Division, Sgt. Stanley Jaspeil of Newcastle, Pa., and a Pfc. named Daly from Port Jervis, N. Y. They told me that they were treated fairly well in the German hoosegow but they said that the food was lousy.

"We never got nothing to eat but carrots and beans," Daly said.

"And, boy, after sampling that chow, I'm telling you we were plenty glad to see those British come in and relieve us," Jaspiel added.

They said that the Germans had planned to send them to Berlin by boat but that Tunis fell just in time to spare them the trip. As a matter of fact some of the Americans were actually moved from their prison camp to the Nazi port of embarkation the day before Tunis collapsed.

The day after the city's fall, I visited the men of the magnificent British Eighth Army fighting forces who were resting in the green hills around Tunis, talking things over. Somebody mentioned that Saturday was their lucky day. That was the day they took Tunis and it was also on Saturday, just 14 weeks before, that they had marched into Tripoli.

These infantrymen, artillerymen, sappers and medics from Gen. Montgomery's forces were stretched out in the tall green grass, getting their first rest and relaxation in months. Everybody was feeling swell, like we used to feel as kids on the day school closed for summer vacation.

Those Tommies who had entered Tunis the first day that the British occupied the town said they will never forget that sight from the hills as they looked down upon the city in the distance. The Tunisian capital is spread over many hills, and broad highways stretch into it from all direc-

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tions. All those highways were jammed with Axis prisoners, streaming back to the prison camps. Some of them had full packs on their backs, others had only a single blanket or a canteen.

When the troops entered the town, they were met by wildly cheering citizens in the suburbs. Thousands of people lined the streets and threw flowers into the armored cars and trucks. Everybody, from children to aged men and women, held up their hands making the two-fingered victory sign. The soldiers, in turn, threw cigarettes to the townspeople, who scrambled to pick them up. Tunis had been out of smoking material for weeks. The soldiers also threw tinned food and biscuits in exchange for the flowers that fell all over them.

Cigarettes and chewing gum were what the people wanted most, and the doughboys were generous with whatever supplies they had. Every vehicle that stopped was immediately engulfed by a throng of Tunisian citizens, most of whom just wanted to shake hands and welcome the men.

Tunisia's fine wine flowed freely, and from many of the wine shops came the strains of a song that hadn't been heard in these parts for some time. It was "The Marseillaise."

Strange Things Happen In Cairo; You Never Can Tell Who You'll Meet

CAIRO—1st Lt. Richard D. Small of West Palm Beach, Fla., now a member of a Middle East MP outfit, can rightfully say it's a small world.

Back in 1917, Lt. Small, then an Infantry officer, boarded a troop transport for France. A quarter of a century later when he had again donned the uniform of a first lieutenant, Small was sent to the same port of embarkation he'd left in '17 and—you guessed it, there was the same ship waiting to take him across.

This time the ship dropped anchor in a Middle East port and Lt. Small began the old Army game all over again, this time in new surroundings. One evening he was told that he had a visitor. Lt. Small looked up to receive the caller and was speechless at the sight of his son standing before him, 1st Lt. Richard D. Small Jr. of the U.S. Air Force.

The younger Small had gone into cadet training and earned his wings during the time his father had been in the Army and was making the crossing. —YANK Cairo Bureau

Down Here "To Hell With You" Is Way a Friendly *Bula* Says Hello

SOUTH PACIFIC—In this exotic spot it's not surprising to be greeted by grinning *bulas* with "What's buzzin', cousin?" or "Beat me daddy, eight to the bar."

The natives, most of whom didn't speak a word of English when the first American soldiers arrived several months ago, have been told that these are our traditional greetings. At one native village we came upon a sprightly young woman in calico who, grinning, yelled "To hell with you."

It seems some GI told her that was English for "hello." —YANK Field Correspondent

A Marine Who Collects Two Things, Japs and Butterflies, in That Order

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—A two-fisted boxing champion who battled the Japanese several months on Guadalcanal is the proud owner of a display of 200 rare butterflies which he collected on that jungle island.

Pfc. Americo M. Woyciesjes, a marine from Ceres Lock, Solvay, N. Y., three-time winner of the Eastern Intercollegiate 175-pound boxing title, says little about his Jap fighting, likes to talk about boxing, but will get positively enthusiastic about butterfly collecting.

While most Guadalcanal marines used their spare time for resting or writing letters, Pfc. Woyciesjes was beating the jungle with his improvised net—a mosquito net and a piece of wire—and a rifle.

The rifle was for Japs, the net for butterflies. His 200 rare specimens may some day bear the specific name of *Guadalcanal Woyciesjesensis*, his friends say. —Sgt. ARTHUR E. MIELKE
Marine Combat Correspondent

This Chaplain Ducks Bullets, And Finds No Atheists In Foxholes

NEW GUINEA—When Edward Connelly of Scranton, Pa., left the quiet job of a missionary to join the Chaplains' Corps, he admitted that one reason he did so was that he's an Irishman and he wanted to get into the thick of the fight.

Less than two months later, 1st Lt. Connelly was dodging snipers' bullets at the New Guinea front. Here he joined a crew of combat unit chaplains who have been all through this fierce jungle war. One was killed in an airplane crash, two others were wounded while administering last rites on the battlefield and another was awarded the Purple Heart for an act of bravery while wounded.

Right from the start Chaplain Connelly has seen plenty of fireworks in New Guinea. He arrived at the front after a 12-mile hike through knee-deep mud and was so tired he flopped down in a foxhole to rest. Next thing he knew, bullets were whipping overhead, pinning him down. When he finally managed to crawl back to safety, a grimy infantryman asked him:

"Say, Chaplain, where wuz you goin'? Do you know you wuz resting between us and the Japs?"

"No, I didn't," Chaplain Connelly said. "I thought I'd just keep walking until I came to some sort of front-line trenches."

He soon learned that there aren't any front-line trenches, and it's safest not to walk near the front unless you don't mind eating Jap chow.

Next day Chaplain Connelly attended a burial in a front-line cemetery. As he read the service and two graves registration men finished digging the grave, two Jap rifles cracked from nearby foliage. The chaplain and two GR men dove into the grave at once.

"It made a good foxhole," the chaplain said later.

Creeping out of the grave after a few minutes, he completed reading the burial service in a faster, slightly trembling voice as the GR men performed the burial in record time. Then the three of them beat a hasty retreat back to their company.

Another time the chaplain was helping out the medics in a front-line aid station. A Jap patrol swept within a few hundred feet of the station and filled the air with bullets. Chaplain Connelly heard one whine close to him. Looking down, he saw a bullet hole in his shirt. The bullet had gone right through the right side of his shirt without even touching him.

Besides helping out the medics in getting the wounded back to aid stations, administering last rites and performing burial services, Chaplain Connelly helped out in several other capacities at the front. One of these was bringing Christmas packages up to men in advanced outposts.

He delivered two of these packages to Sgt. Richard and Pfc. Mike Gladzachk, brothers from Milwaukee. A week later he met Mike

Chaplain Connelly in New Guinea.

again when they went on a burial detail. Mike told him that he hadn't been able to locate his brother for several days and didn't know whether he was wounded, captured or dead.

When Mike and the chaplain arrived at the cemetery and went to the side in which fresh graves were dug, Mike's eyes fell on a dog tag on one rustic cross. It said "Richard Gladzachk." Mike's search for his brother had ended.

At 32 years of age, Chaplain Connelly says he wouldn't trade his experiences as a chaplain for anything.

"Men who haven't attended church in years become far more appreciative of religion when they see action," he says. "As a colonel in the Philippines said, there are no atheists in foxholes."

Religious services, Chaplain Connelly found, are out of the question for men at the front. He tried to conduct a service one Sunday morning in a clearing near Buna. Before he had a chance to finish the preparatory prayers, Jap snipers opened up on his soldier congregation. The service ended then and there.

Of all his battle front experiences, Chaplain Connelly remembers best how he arranged a reunion of two brothers.

"I was wandering around near a forward outpost on Dec. 24th, a rainy, dreary day," he says, "and came across an American soldier sitting in a foxhole with a forlorn look on his face. I asked him why he was so sad and he told me he hadn't seen his brother, in another infantry company, for weeks. He wished he could see him on Christmas Day. So I looked up his brother. I found that he was badly wounded in a hospital. I arranged that they meet Christmas Day in the hospital. That night, after the brother had gone back on guard, Dale, the wounded brother, died. Their names were Pvts. Gale and Dale Sites, and they lived in Wisconsin. Later, I received a letter of appreciation from the boys' parents."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Alaska Is Different Since the Mukluk Shuffle Arrived

ALASKA — You haven't seen anything until you've been to an Alaskan Mukluk Shuffle. That's the Eskimo gate's jargon for the old-fashioned Saturday night shindig, and it gets its name from the fancy fur boots which the Eskimos wear and which the Army scientists can't seem to improve upon.

Into a little shack, about the size of a two-car garage and with the same lack of heat, crowd soldiers and Eskimos alike. On the benches that line the room sit the stolid Eskimo parents in their best furs, watching the soldiers cavort with their daughters.

Music, such as it is, emerges scratchily from worn-out records. For some reason "Chattanooga Choo Choo" is the favorite, although none of these Eskimos has ever seen a train.

Dancers' costumes are far from orthodox. GI fur parkas are outshone by the Eskimos' glad rags, which are plentifully ornamented with beaver tails and bright red yarn. When it's 30 below outside and not much different inside, dancing in furs doesn't seem a bad idea.

There are no tables, chairs, waitresses or admission charge; it's just a spontaneous get-together, with everyone having as much fun as if it had cost $10 a head.

When the dances first started, the Eskimo belles would hide behind doors or crowd together in a corner and giggle. When they finally consented to try a few steps their faces were completely expressionless. You couldn't tell whether they were bored or pleased.

Now it's different. The gals' faces take on that ecstatic look when their favorite swains lead them out on the floor to trip a few fancy ones. Also, since they've come to know the soldiers, they have picked up some of the language, including a few of the more colorful GI terms.

—Cpl. HOWARD MATTOCKS
YANK Field Correspondent

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First thing after arising at 6 A.M., the pajama-clad Waacs do PT (physical training) for 10 minutes.

Auxiliary Lou Huerd of Kingsport, Tenn., repairs carburetors in the ordnance shop at Fort Sill.

WAACS

THE CORPS COMPLETES ITS FIRST YEAR WORKING HARD AT MEN'S ARMY JOBS

Now that the novelty has worn off, the Army doesn't smile at its Waacs any more. Like these girls at Fort Sill, they are becoming a respected and valuable addition to the camps back home.

By Cpl. E. M. HALLIDAY
YANK Field Correspondent

This is the first in a series of three YANK articles on the Waacs. Others from U. S. camps and North Africa will appear soon.

FORT SILL, OKLA.—Fort Sill's first company of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps arrived here one night in March, and for a week latrine conversation reached a new level.

That was about three months ago. Since then another company of Waacs has come to the post, and the novelty has worn off. The MPs no longer make Waac drivers pull over just for a little chit-chat, and soldier clerks at post headquarters—those that are left—no longer grin at each other when Auxiliary Lois Mitchell, message-center mail carrier from South Gate, Calif., comes in with the morning's haul. When the Waacs go out to drill, the Signal Corps photographers don't stampede for their cameras, and post officers by now are over being surprised, when they phone the motor pool for transportation, to get it from Auxiliary Irene Anderson of Camden, N. J., chief dispatcher.

The Waacs are glad the novelty is gone. Auxiliary Katherine (Billy) Simpson, a red-headed driver who hails from Irvington, N. J., puts it this way: "We're not here to entertain the soldiers; we're here to work. Sure, we like the dances they throw for us, and we like to go out with soldiers. But we didn't join the WAAC for glamor."

The jobs which the Waacs have taken at Fort Sill range from a variety of clerical office jobs to running a machine lathe in the ordnance repair shop. They have replaced soldiers who either have been transferred to combat units or OCS, are now taking a four-week refresher in basic training in preparation for reassignment or, in the case of limited-service men, have been assigned to other work here on the post.

Auxiliary Anne Gruber of Cleveland, Ohio, has a fairly typical WAAC office job. She has replaced Pvt. Samuel Shatz in the internal security office (provost marshal to you) as a registrar for post car tags and cameras and a file clerk. Shatz, whose home is in Portland, Maine, has gone off to MP Investigation School at Fort Custer, Mich., and all indications are that despite her size (5'2") Anne is filling his shoes, but full. Like many of her sister Waacs, she is married to a GI—Pfc. Nick Gruber, who was in Panama with a Coast Artillery outfit when she last heard from him.

At 6:30 they line up for reveille. And the morning seems just as dreary for them as for men in uniform.

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Sgt. Jim Long of Chicago, who is Auxiliary Gruber's noncom at the office, thinks she and the other seven Waacs who work there are doing "a good job"; and Maj. J. L. Woody, post internal security officer, says the same thing.

The largest contingent of the 47th WAAC Post Headquarters Company, Fort Sill's first female outfit, works for post supply departments. Twenty-eight of them are drivers, having completed special motor corps training either at Daytona Beach, Fla., or here, in addition to their four weeks of basic; and they know their jobs. These days, cracks about women drivers are strictly taboo around the motor pool.

"Our Waacs have had no accidents and no trouble with the MPs," says S/Sgt. Victor J. Poppe of Nashville, Kans., senior noncom at the pool. "They're doing a nice job, and they turn in accurate defect reports on their vehicles, too."

Capt. F. B. Dougherty, inspector of post supply activities, registers only one complaint against the Waac drivers: all of them, he says, want to drive trucks.

"We have one young lady [Thelma McConnell from Miami, Fla.] who said she could drive anything on wheels," the captain relates, "so I thought we'd test her out a little. I told my sergeant, 'Put this girl on a 10-ton truck and take some of the ego out of her.' Well, she took that man-killer out on our torture course, as we call the driving range, and shoved it around like a baby carriage."

Recently, making a tour of offices, warehouses and shops to see how the Waacs were getting along, Capt. Dougherty found Auxiliary Mary McFadden, who comes from Harrisburg, Pa., doing desk work at the commissary.

"How do you like your job?" he asked her.

"It's OK but it's not hard enough, sir," Mary told him. "I was unloading boxcars for the Pennsylvania Railroad before I joined the WAAC, and I'd like to get into something tougher."

Now Mary's working in the motor-pool paint shop, where she replaces Sgt. Peter Gunn of Minneapolis, Minn. Pete himself has just finished a retake of his basic days, firing on the rifle range and giving the obstacle course frequent workouts in preparation for the transfer—in grade—which he expects any day now.

Lucy Volpa checks air pressure of truck she drives

Elizabeth McLoughlin (left) and Violet Williams handle mail

Dispatcher Irene Anderson directs Nellie Geddes driver

Anne Goffe turns out precision parts on this machine

Mary Paulon holds a desk job

When the Waacs are through with their work for the day they go home to barracks which are much like any other GI residence for soldiers. They are two-story jobs, sleeping 30 Waacs on each floor; and the only noticeable difference from the standard temporary barracks is to be found in the laundry rooms, added because most of the girls like to wash their undies themselves; and the latrines, which feature tubs, box-stall showers and swinging doors in the right places.

The Waacs get up with the rest of the post, at 6 A.M., and do calisthenics in their GI pajamas from 6:05 to 6:15. At 6:30 they're dressed and lined up outside for reveille, which they stand in the usual fashion, heavy eyelids and all.

Right after that comes chow, eaten in their own mess hall. The Waacs are on standard field rations, although minor adjustments are made to reduce the calory content of the day's meals somewhat on the theory that women burn up less energy than men. The opinion of soldiers who have had the good fortune to eat a meal there as guests is that their cooks, all regular Waacs, add a certain something to the culinary art which is missing in most GI kitchens.

From 7 until 7:45 there is a great shaking and making of beds — regulation army cots — and sweeping, mopping and dusting, to get ready for the daily inspection of barracks. Latrine orderlies are appointed for a week at a time, and must get things sluiced up before leaving for their regular jobs in various parts of the post.

By 7:50 everyone is in uniform and off to work, and the squad rooms are ready for the scrutiny of 2d Officer Lois P. Brown, CO, who can find a layer of dust where the average inspecting officer would see nothing but bare woodwork.

Dinner comes at noon and is just a brief interlude in the working day—the Waacs leave for their jobs again at 12:40. But at 5 P.M., when they knock off for the evening, they can relax and begin to think about recreation. They don't stand retreat, because many of them can't get back to the WAAC area on time. On Mondays and Fridays, however, they drill for three-quarters of an hour after supper. Most of them say they like drill, and they march as if they mean it.

At Fort Sill, the Waacs have the same privileges as other soldiers belonging to permanent post outfits. They have Class A passes which will take them downtown to Lawton, 5 miles away, any time they're off duty; and they may go anywhere they like on the post except, of course, male barracks.

Auxiliaries can and do date enlisted men, but commissioned Army officers must deal with them strictly on a business basis. WAAC officers date male officers. The soldiers call for their dates at the WAAC day room, take them to a GI show or into Lawton (on the bus) for a USO dance, and get them back by 11 P.M., week nights, or midnight on Saturdays. The Waacs on CQ duty make bed check 15 minutes later.

Although the Waacs theoretically may wear civilian clothes when on furlough, since they're not yet full-fledged members of the Army, few of them want to. "We feel that we're part of the Army," 2d Officer Brown explains, "and we want to be as much like other soldiers as possible."

WAAC company officers are officially designated as first, second and third officers, corresponding to captain, first and second lieutenants; and they rate salutes from all enlisted personnel, Waacs and otherwise. The accepted practice is to address them as "captain" or "lieutenant" instead of their official titles; and they like that. A WAAC first sergeant is technically a "first leader," but all the auxiliaries call her "sergeant," just as they call their third leaders "corporals." They say "ma'am" instead of "sir" when speaking to one of their officers, and that's also the correct word for a male soldier to use.

All in all, the Waacs have worked into the Army routine without upsetting the GI pattern and without losing stride themselves. Most of them are enthusiastic about the WAAC, and most of them like their new jobs, although they do an average amount of griping just like the rest of the soldiers on this or any other post.

Those who are restless usually are looking for something a little bigger than what they're doing at the moment. Auxiliary Mary Paulon, for instance, who is 22 and does general clerical duties for the post reclamation plant, will tell you she'd like work which would tax her abilities more.

"I was working as an accountant in a chemical factory near my home in Bound Brook, N. J.," she says. "We all worked hard there, and we won the Navy 'E' for excellence. I left that to join the WAAC because my kid brother is only 13, and I thought someone in the family ought to be in the Army. You see, I came to America from Italy when I was 7 years old, and I can still remember how I hated the Mussolini youth organizations. I know what we've got to fight for in this country, and I want to be where I can do the most good."

For Mary, as for many of her barrack mates, overseas duty or OCS at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, look like good targets. They're shooting for them and in the meantime living the Army life and liking it, and doing soldiers' jobs with everything they've got.

After busy morning at intelligence office, Doris Fansiou tackles something that looks like beans

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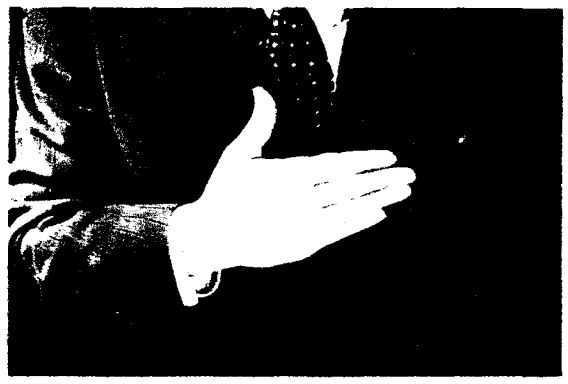
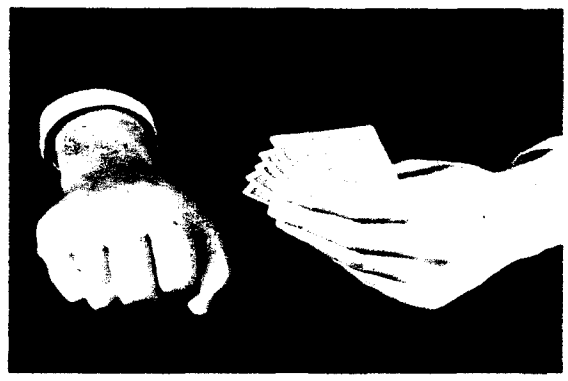
It's in the CARDS

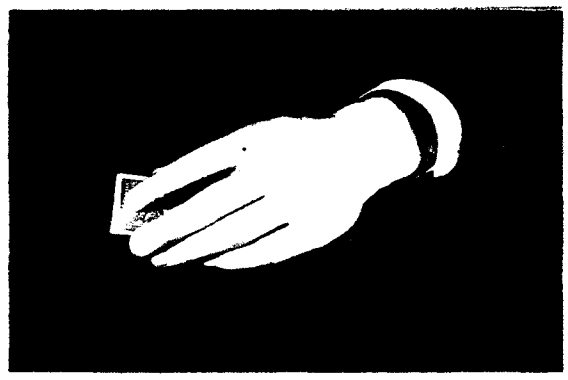
PART TWO: HOW TO SPOT THE CROOKED GAMBLERS' UNIVERSAL SIGN LANGUAGE



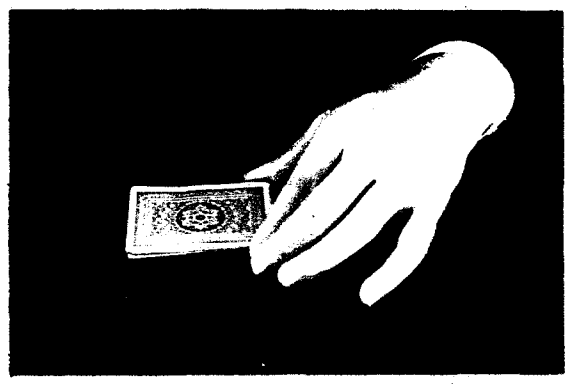
OPEN-HAND signal is used by Scarne to say, "I am a sharper. Anyone want to team up?" Sharpers use an international sign language.



CLENCHED-FIST reply means "I am a sharper, all right, but I work alone." Open-hand reply would mean other player is willing to cooperate.



HAND SIGNALS range from top to bottom of a card to reveal its power. By the way Scarne holds this card, he indicates he has a king.



HOLDING a card between thumb and third finger indicates lower cards. Here a trey is indicated. Same hold at top would denote 10-spot.

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

GAMBLERS, have found that the best way to cheat at cards is to work in a team with confederates. John Scarne, card expert and gambling detective, found many crooked players operating in teams during his recent tour of Army camps, some of them in uniform and others in civilian clothes at towns near the military reservations.

Whatever they wear, these crooks use smooth, time-honored methods of working together. Their teamwork is based upon the gambler's sign language, practically as old as cards and understood by card sharps all over the world.

Let's say you are in a town near your camp. Before you know it, you and some other GIs are sitting down to a card game that seemed to start innocently enough. You think there is nothing wrong because the men joining the game don't even know each other.

But watch them as they sit down. Perhaps one of them carelessly places his open hand on his chest or flat on the table before him, as John Scarne does in the illustration at the left. Then maybe another one nonchalantly fixes his tie and places his hand, too, in the same position.

Brother, if you see those signals, start moving toward the barracks. That open palm is the first word in the crook's language. It means:

"Anyone here a sharper? If so, let's team up."

And the guy who imitates the gesture is giving an answering signal which means "Okay. Let's go."

Using their sign language, two crooks who never met before can talk together throughout a game as effectively as if they were allowed to whisper.

How? Just take a look at the pictures on the left. They show only some of the accepted signals known to all gamblers.

To illustrate, by means of this sign language sharpers can call upon that fine old trick the boys call the Spread. It has separated nobody-knows-how-many soldiers, sailors and marines from their Uncle's cash.

Say a guy named Joe—crook No. 1—holds three kings in a poker hand. (How Joe got them there will be explained later on; the point now is that he has 'em.) The pot is big and growing bigger. Joe wants to win and is sure that four kings, if he had them, would take the pot. So he signals to crook No. 2, whose name is Harry, asking if he holds a king. Harry signals back "Yes."

Now all the boys have to do is get that king from Harry's hand to Joe's—across the table. To do this they use the Spread.

First step in the Spread is for Joe to get rid of a card. Naturally this is not one of his three kings, but one of the two worthless cards he holds. Joe may use sleight of hand to slip this card into his pocket, or he may put it under his armpit or his knee. Or, if he is sitting near the discard pile, he then and there can dispose of the card by putting it into the dirt—the dirt being what gamblers call the pile of discards. To do this he first palms the card. Then, in a seemingly harmless gesture, he reaches over and nervously pushes the discards a little to one side, as though they annoyed him.

But what he really does is quickly drop his card on top of the discard pile.

Now he has only four cards in his hand. Even so, Joe keeps raising. And at last he has to show his hand. "Four kings," he announces confidently, smacking his cards down as a unit, squarely on top of each other, so that only the top card shows.

This is the moment that Harry, across the table, has been waiting for. Since Joe signaled, he has had his king palmed neatly in his right hand. Now, before anyone can reach over to spread out Joe's hand, Harry does it. And as he sweeps his hand over the cards to spread them out he slips in his king to make the fifth—and winning—card.

The Spread shows how neatly gamblers work together and what skill they have used to perfect their teamwork. To catch a team, or teams, of crooks working together, watch for signals such as those required for the Spread. Sharpers always try to work sitting opposite one another. They never look each other squarely in the face, but keep their eyes glued on each other's hands.

So keep your eye peeled for that slanting, professional look.

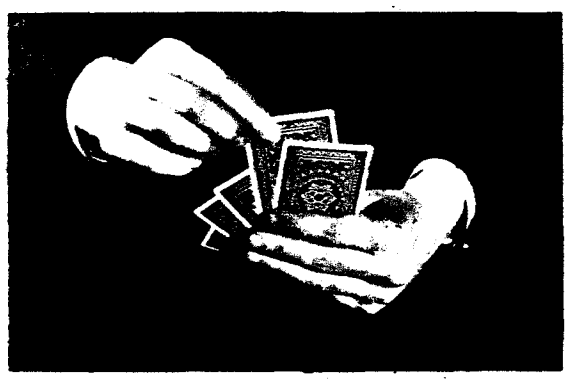
The tricks used by teams of gamblers are usually improvements on the fundamental techniques of gamblers who are forced to work alone. For a look at this fellow's repertoire, let's go back to the game that started at the beginning of this article.

Suppose the gambler who placed his hand on his chest received no answering signal. Or suppose someone had answered by placing a clenched fist against his chest. That means, "This is my game and I'm not teaming up with anybody."

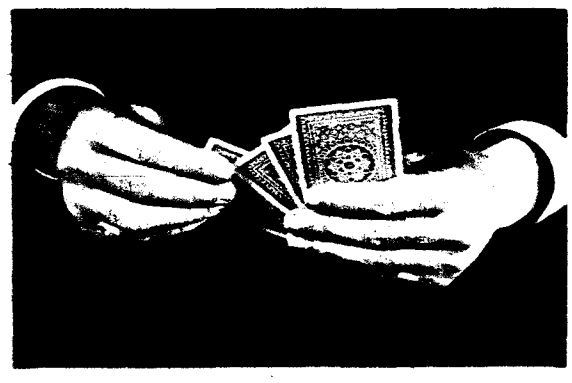
Then the gambler has to play a lone hand, and his best bet is the Hold-Out, called HO by the wise players. You've guessed it: HO means that the gambler slips the good card or cards out of a succession of bad hands. These stolen cards he secretes about his person until the right cards are dealt him. Then he switches the hold-outs back again to make a winning hand.

Naturally the main job then is to get rid of the extra cards, once the hold-outs are switched back into the hand. Say the gambler has been holding out three aces. He is dealt a fourth ace and his big moment has come. Quickly he pivots the three hold-outs from under his knee and into his hand. Now he holds four aces, all right. But he also has eight cards—an inconvenient number to be caught with in a poker game.

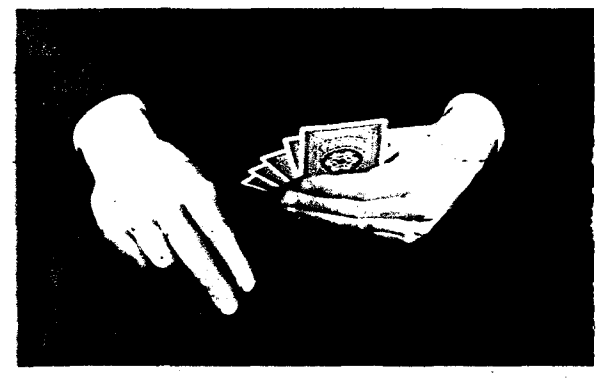
This fellow does with his three hot cards just what our friend Joe did with his one. He goes into the dirt. If he sits near the discards he goes in right away. If he doesn't he uses the old HO for the extra ones until the discards work around



JOGGING the second card (making it stick up) here indicates two of a kind. Sharpers who never met before soon get to understand each other.



ANOTHER use of jogging is to denote suits. First card jogged means Clubs; second, Hearts; third, Diamonds, and fourth, Spades (as above).



FINGERS are used as shown above, where Scarne signals two pairs. Three fingers mean three of a kind and four a hand that needs no help.

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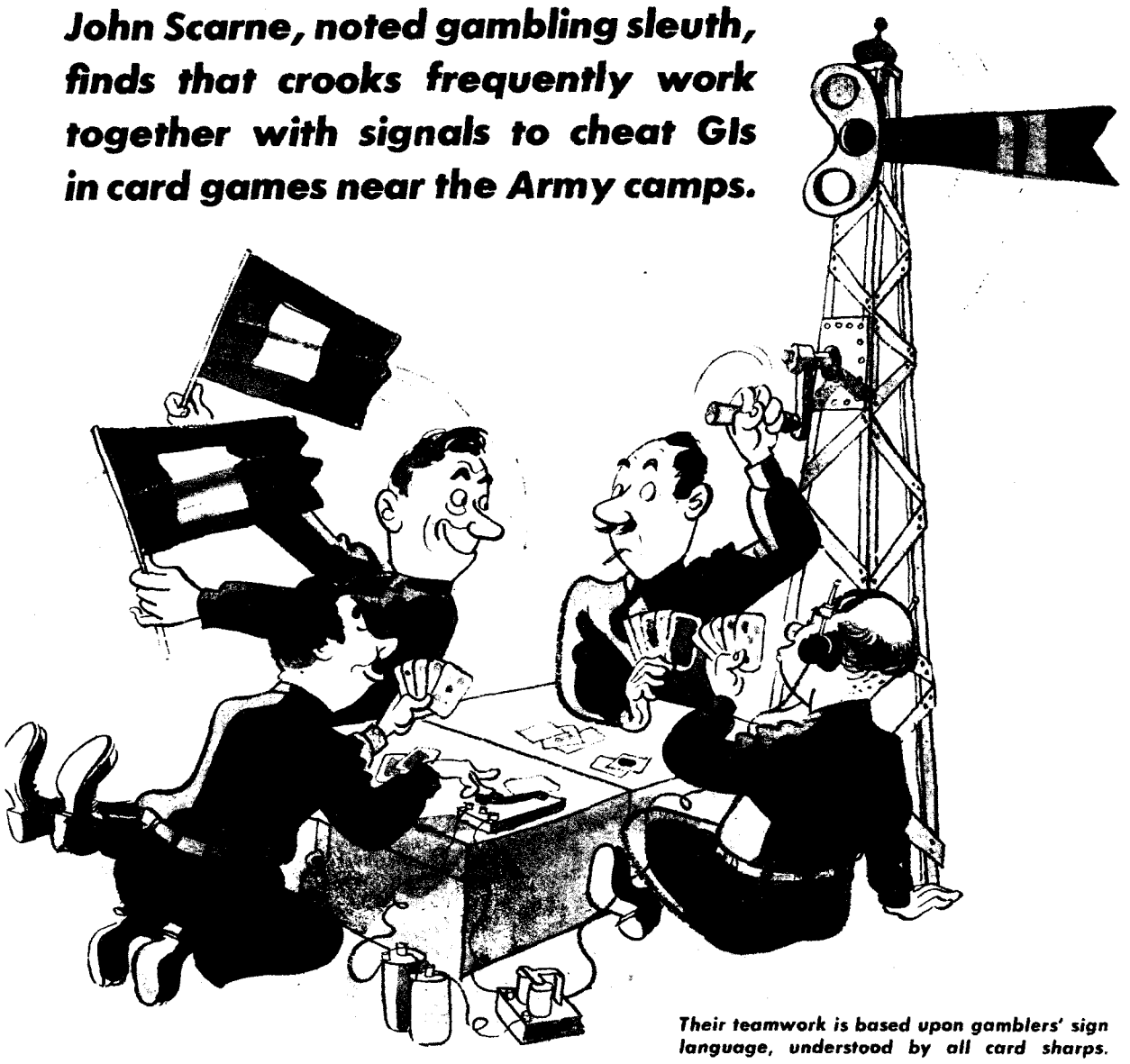
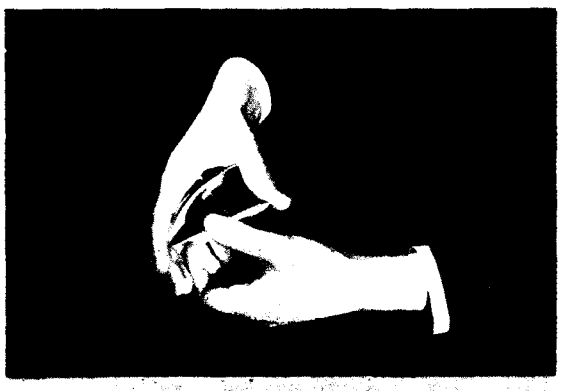
John Scarne, noted gambling sleuth, finds that crooks frequently work together with signals to cheat GIs in card games near the Army camps.

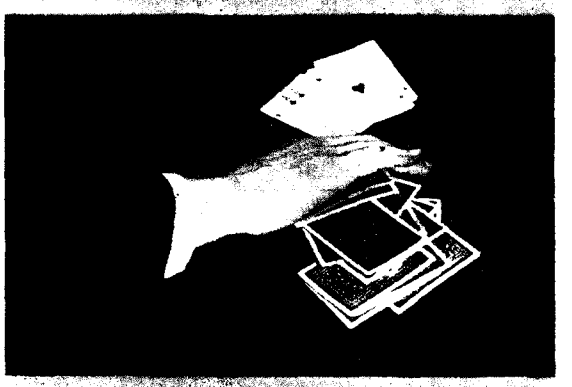


Their teamwork is based upon gamblers' sign language, understood by all card sharps.



BITING the cards means the gambler "bites" good cards from a bad hand and palms them. It is almost impossible to catch an expert "biter."

THE HOLD-OUT follows the bite. The gambler secretes cards he has "bitten" in a vest pocket, under armpit or under crook of knee, as above.



SWITCHING the hold-out cards back into the game is done as soon as the right hand is dealt. The trick then is to get rid of the extra cards.

THE SPREAD shows teamwork at its smoothest. As gambler spreads the cards, he drops a fourth king into the four-card hand of his confederate.

near him. Then he quickly pivots them into his palm and into the dirt.

But let's take a sharper who is an expert and appreciates the finer things of cheating. He doesn't like to be bothered with holding extra cards in his hand or with waiting for the discards or with any more HOs than are strictly necessary.

What does he do then? He tops the pack. Here is what that means:

For simplicity, let's say this sharper, too, has held out three aces. These he pivots back into the game when a fourth is dealt him. But instead of slipping the hold-outs in with his other cards, he keeps them palmed. Then, when the time comes, he discards his three worthless cards and asks for three more.

Now he goes into action. Before the dealer has time to pick up the pack, the sharper finds some pretext to touch it. If possible he brushes it nervously aside. Or he may reach over and pretend to tap the pack for good luck. But whatever the pretext, what he really does is slip the three aces on the top of the pack—so that the unsuspecting dealer deals the sharper the same three aces that the sharper has been holding out!

Hard, yes. But it's done all the time by experts.

Best way of detecting the kind of cheating described here is to watch the players. Look out for the nervous guy who is always shifting around, touching cards, ears, tie and so on. Chances are his motions include a few signals.

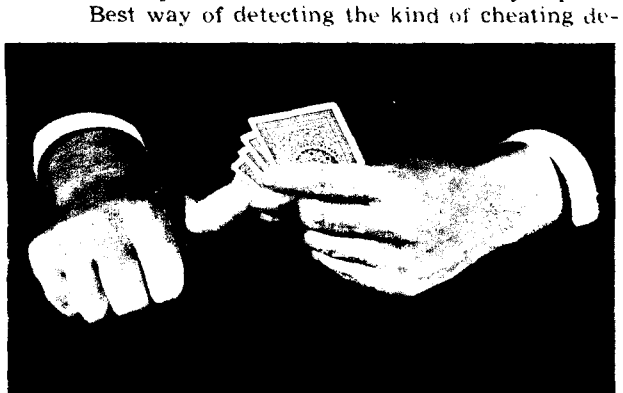
Watch the man who frequently hitches his chair up to the table. He's probably holding out in the crook of his knee. Watch especially for hold-outs in high spades. It's easy to hold out a single card, and an ace of spades is all you need to win this one.

By the same token, the fellow who reaches into his vest pocket for matches or digs into his pocket for a handkerchief may be holding out under the arm or in a pocket.

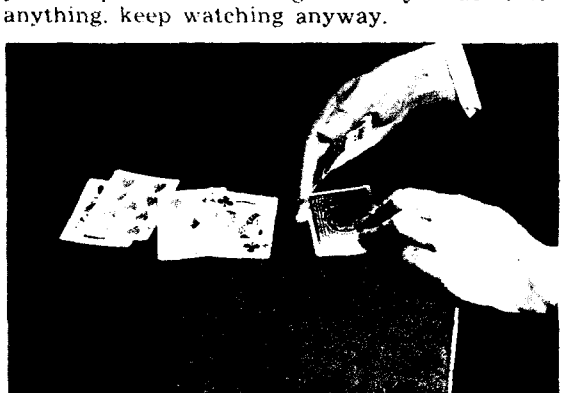
The man who holds out in his pocket may even be holding out a whole cold deck, which he switches in at the right moment. And don't think the deal is necessarily honest just because you are dealing: that's a favorite trick for building up false self-confidence. You may be dealing a cold deck, already stacked against you.

Watch the man who loses as well as the one who wins. The loser may be the confederate who will split afterward. He signals, too.

In playing cards, always keep your eyes open for funny business. If you see something suspicious, pull out of the game. If you don't see anything, keep watching anyway.



BARED THUMB means to raise the bet or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] used, signal is for only [illegible]



HOLD-CARD SWITCH is a method for stud. High card is held out and switched in hand by slight of hand, as Scarne has demonstrated.

AFTER SWITCH, switches are reversed. King is now the high card and deuce is palmed, soon to be a hold-out or put into the dirt (discard).

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TUNISIAN SCOREBOARD

Names and numbers of outfits in African campaign

SOLDIERS would find the war news more interesting if correspondents were allowed to mention in the middle of a campaign exactly which infantry division stormed such-and-such hill and which tank battalions entered the vital enemy railway junctions. Then an artilleryman in New Caledonia would be able to recognize a victorious armored force in Africa as the same outfit that gave him a lift when he was hitch-hiking to the Tennessee-Duke football game at Durham during the Carolina maneuvers of 1941.

But battle stories are usually vague when it comes to naming specific units because G-2 makes them that way for a very good reason. A correspondent writes "American infantry forces smashed the Germans today" instead of "the 16th Infantry won its sixth straight engagement" because we must keep the enemy from knowing what kind of opposition it's facing.

That's why most descriptions of the Battle of Tunisia read like a report of a baseball game with no mention of the players who made the home runs. But now that the Nazis have been beaten we can go back and give you a play-by-play account of the last stage of that African campaign with the names of the divisions that did the American fighting and the places where they fought.

The American Second Army Corps, under Maj. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, was spread out in northern Tunisia at the beginning of the final stage of the Allied campaign. The French African Corps and the Moroccan Goumiers were on the northern seacoast and the Americans, attached to Lt. Gen. Kenneth A. N. Anderson's British First Army, were below them, covering the territory from a point west of Garaet Achkel to another just north of Beja. The units in the Second Army Corps were the Ninth Infantry Division commanded by Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, the 34th Infantry Division under Maj. Gen. Charles W. Ryder, the First Infantry Division headed by Maj. Gen. Terry Allen and the First Armored Division of Maj. Gen. Ernst H. Harmon.

With the exception of the 34th, a crack National Guard outfit from the Middle West, these were established regular Army divisions. The Ninth was re-activated with a cadre of regulars at Fort Bragg, N. C., in 1940 under the direction of Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, now the commanding general of the U. S. forces in the European theater. It was brought up to full strength in the spring of 1941 with early draftees from New York, New Jersey and New England. This division distinguished itself in the Carolina maneuvers of 1941 and landed in North Africa last November after a summer of intensive amphibious training.

The First Infantry Division included regular regiments that were never disorganized during peacetime. They trained at Fort Devens, Mass., in 1941 and 1942 but they call Fort Jay on Governors Island, N. Y., their home and they point with pride to their outfit's record in the first World War. The First Division was literally the first to land in France in 1917, the first to go into action and the first to take German prisoners. Gen. George C. Marshall was then divisional assistant chief of staff and Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, now chief of Ground Forces, was a battalion commander.

The First Armored Division was organized as a unit of the Armored Forces at Fort Knox, Ky., July 15, 1940, just five days after this branch of the service was set up. Maj. Gen. Bruce Magruder directed the early training with a cadre from the Seventh Cavalry and other units. Bolstered with selectees later that year and again in 1941, this tank division grew into a tough fighting force.

These American divisions, of course, were only a part of the United Nations troops which defeated the Axis in Tunisia. They operated in conjunction with the British First Army which drove hard against the enemy in the center after the British Eighth Army stalled in the hills north of Enfidaville. Between the First and the Eighth Armies was the French 19th Corps, consisting of Algerian, Moroccan and Mathenet Divisions.

THE French and Americans faced terrain in the north that was thought to be impossible, but they attacked there on Apr. 22 with the Ninth Division swinging eventually north around Garaet Achkel. Meanwhile the 34th Division astonished the Germans by storming the supposedly unconquerable Hill 609 and other heights overlooking the valley west of Mateur, while the First Infantry Division advanced and took possession of almost equally difficult hills farther south.

Then, when these hills were taken, the First Armored Division came up and swept across the valley into Mateur, crippling all important Axis communications in northern Tunisia.

Meanwhile Gen. Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, the Allied ground forces commander, was cooking up the strategy that brought about the Axis downfall. He brought two armored divisions from the Eighth Army around from the south and secretly planted them in the Medjez-el-Bab area, opposite Tunis. After a devastating air attack upon the enemy positions, he gave the signal. The British opened up and moved on Tunis, and the Americans and French in the north turned their guns on the big Tunisian seaport, Bizerte.

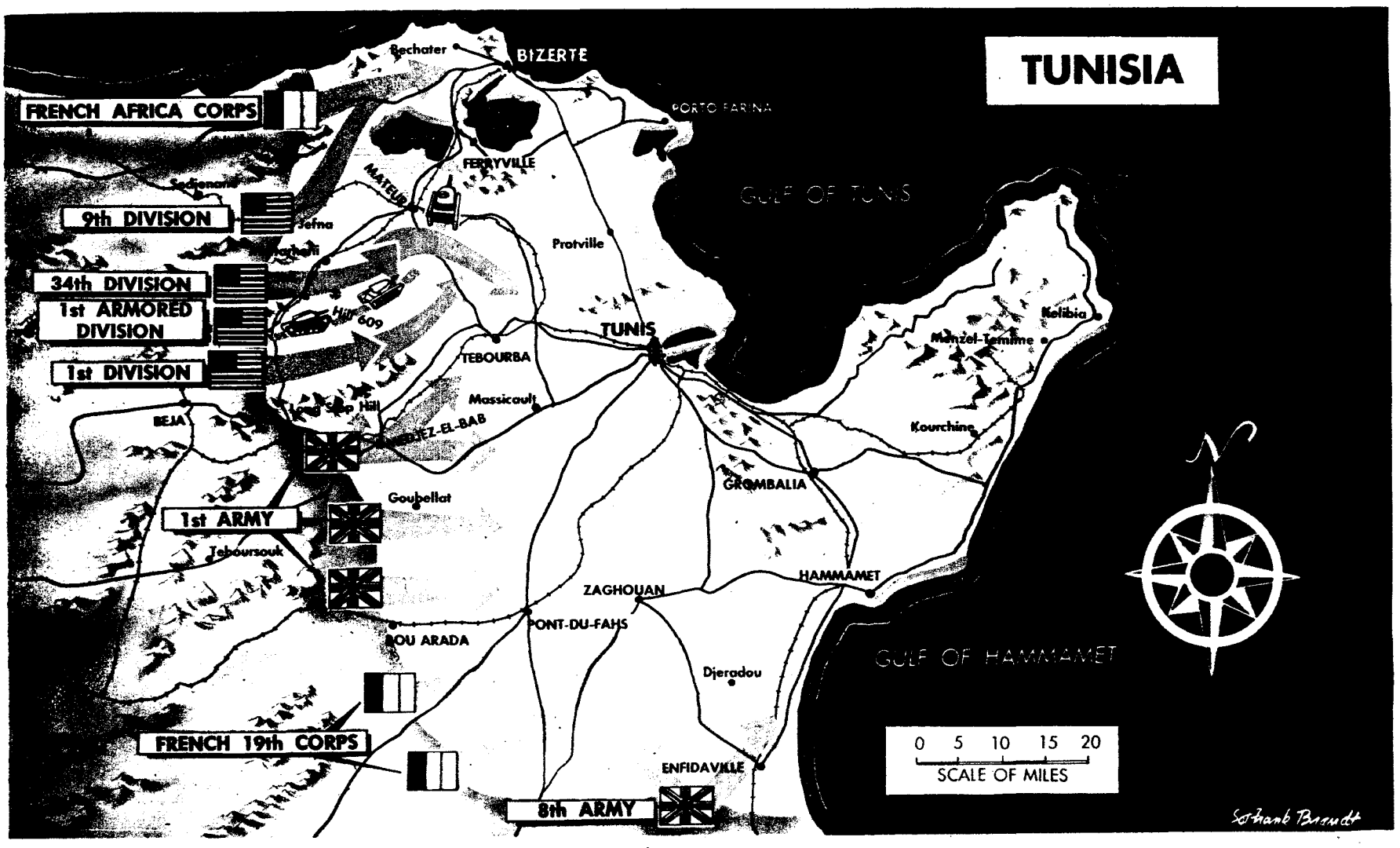
When this last successful drive on the 60-mile front was under way, the American First Armored Division continued on through Mateur and up into Ferryville along the road to Bizerte. The Ninth Division, moving straight above Lake Bizerte, managed to beat it to the city, its 894th Tank Destroyer Battalion earning the honor of being the first U. S. unit to roll into the seaport.

Tunisia was a great victory but the American forces will remember it as a tough one. The First Infantry Division, for instance, saw more fighting there in the last six months than it encountered in France during the whole first World War.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

LOST FOR 66 DAYS

Story of the crew from *My Lovin' Dove*, and how they survived after they were attacked by 12 Zeros and lost for over two months in the South Pacific.



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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL 1, NO 50
JUNE 4, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

Now It's Our Turn

THE Army Postal Service henceforth will allow overseas soldiers to receive a 5-pound package per week from home without the okay of a commanding officer in writing—but it's got to be something you want.

So if you need or desire a package, you can write home and ask for it. Whoever mails you the package must take your letter AND THE ENVELOPE SHOWING AN APO CANCELLATION MARK to the postoffice at the time the package is mailed. The package may not be more than 5 pounds in weight, and may not exceed 15 inches in length and 36 inches in length and girth combined.

This is substantially what YANK has advocated in several recent editorials. And we promised that if such a change were made, we would ask the enlisted men to knuckle down and use more V-Mail so that the shipping space that will be needed on boats to carry packages will be offset by less space being necessary for letter mail.

YANK now asks you GIs to do your part. That doesn't mean, as we pointed out recently, that you can't still get your sugar reports on lavender paper by boat if you desire. It merely means that for ordinary correspondence, and in writing to everybody but the heavy sugar, you use V-Mail and ask that V-Mail be used in return by most of the people back home.

STRICTLY G.I.

The Thunderbolt

THE WD has finally released some interesting details about the new P-47, the AAF fighter which is currently showing the Axis why it's called the Thunderbolt. The P-47 is a high-altitude, long-range, single-engine fighter that can do over 400 miles an hour and is effective at over 40,000 feet. Its eight 50-caliber machine guns give the plane a firing power of 64 hundred rounds a minute. The Thunderbolt has chalked up a terrific combat record escorting heavy bombers over Europe.

Radio Sets in North Africa

The Army Signal Corps came through with a series of radio-communication sets that were extremely helpful in the recent North African campaign. They include a 5-pound "walkie-talkie" for Infantry patrols and front-line troops that is as simple to use as a telephone hand set; a two-section Cavalry guidon set, also used by services other than the Cavalry, that has a longer range than the "walkie-talkie," and a static-free radio set for Armored Forces and Field Artillery units that overcomes the noise and interference of battlefield conditions.

Beach-Head Roads

Army Amphibian Engineers have a new stunt to build beach-head roads in double time. They carry bulldozers in lead-off assault boats when there are no roads on the coast area being attacked. The bulldozers level off sand dunes or bushes, the engineers unreel spools of heavy wire netting, throw sand on the wire and in about 10 minutes a road is built that will hold 8-wheeled trucks.

Health Bombs

A 6-inch pressure can called a "health bomb" is the new QM weapon against bugs and insects. By pulling a wire at the end of the can a fine spray is released which will kill at once every little pest in a tent, barracks or plane. A single health bomb will fumigate 250 pup tents or 50 large bombers in 14 minutes. The bombs will be issued to GIs all over the world.

The Bracket

The Field Artillery OCS at Fort Sill, Okla., is publishing a new alumni monthly called *The Bracket* for FA officers stationed in this country and overseas. The mag contains interesting dope about the latest combat tactics developed both in training bases in the states and in actual battlefield conditions. The first issue has some fresh dope on the FA's flying pilot-observers. All in all, it's worth taking a look at, even for guys who aren't in the FA.

Flameless Lighter

The Army Exchange Service has purchased a million flameless lighters for sale to overseas GIs. The lighter consists of a wick about a foot long, a holder and a flint. A spark from the flint makes the wick glow, but gives no flame. The lighter is guaranteed to work even in a hurricane.

GI Shop Talk

Airplane engines are now being vacuum packed, like canned beans. Prevents rusting during storage and shipment and saves time spent in greasing and degreasing the engines. . . . In New Guinea, Capt. Chester Grigsby wanders through jungles sampling plants and berries to find out which are safe to eat and which aren't. . . . The QMC is saving leather by issuing canvas carbine scabbards, cotton-duck machete sheathes and sealskin straps for nurses' and Waacs' handbags. . . . The University of Iceland is giving free instruction in Icelandic to 20 dogfaces there. . . . An AEF division in Tunisia asked the WD to send 10,000 income-tax blanks. They want to pay their '42 income taxes!

IT WASN'T LIKE THIS BACK HOME

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

They Pay Off

On an airfield in Iraq, 50 Spitfires were being assembled to be flown to Russia to pay off a debt. When the going was tough for the British in Egypt last year they asked the Russians to send them every bomber possible from the supply of American planes passing from Iran to Russia. The Soviets immediately diverted 40 Boston Bombers to Egypt, where they helped stop Rommel. The Russians later asked for 50 Spitfires in return. These are the planes.

Understatement

Col. Gen. Vitez Gusztav Jany, commanding general of the Second Hungarian Army which was cut to pieces by the Russians at Voronezh, returned to Budapest with this message for the Hungarians: "Everybody should prepare sternly. The war is not yet over."

They Run Faster, Too

The low state of Italian propaganda is shown by this strange boast over the Rome radio by Aldo Valori, Fascist political commentator: "As in the last World War the Italian Army holds the world record for the number of captured and fallen generals."

Notes On Tunisian Campaign

"We will hold Tunisia. The danger of being thrown back into the sea no longer exists."—Goebbels to the German people on Mar. 6. . . . "The display and attitude of your troops will be a symbol for the whole armed forces of greater Germany."—Hitler to von Arnim on May 11. . . . "Standing in the moonlight outside British headquarters after a hot supper, Gen. von Arnim seemed to be concerned only about his baggage."—From a UP dispatch from Tunisia, May 13.

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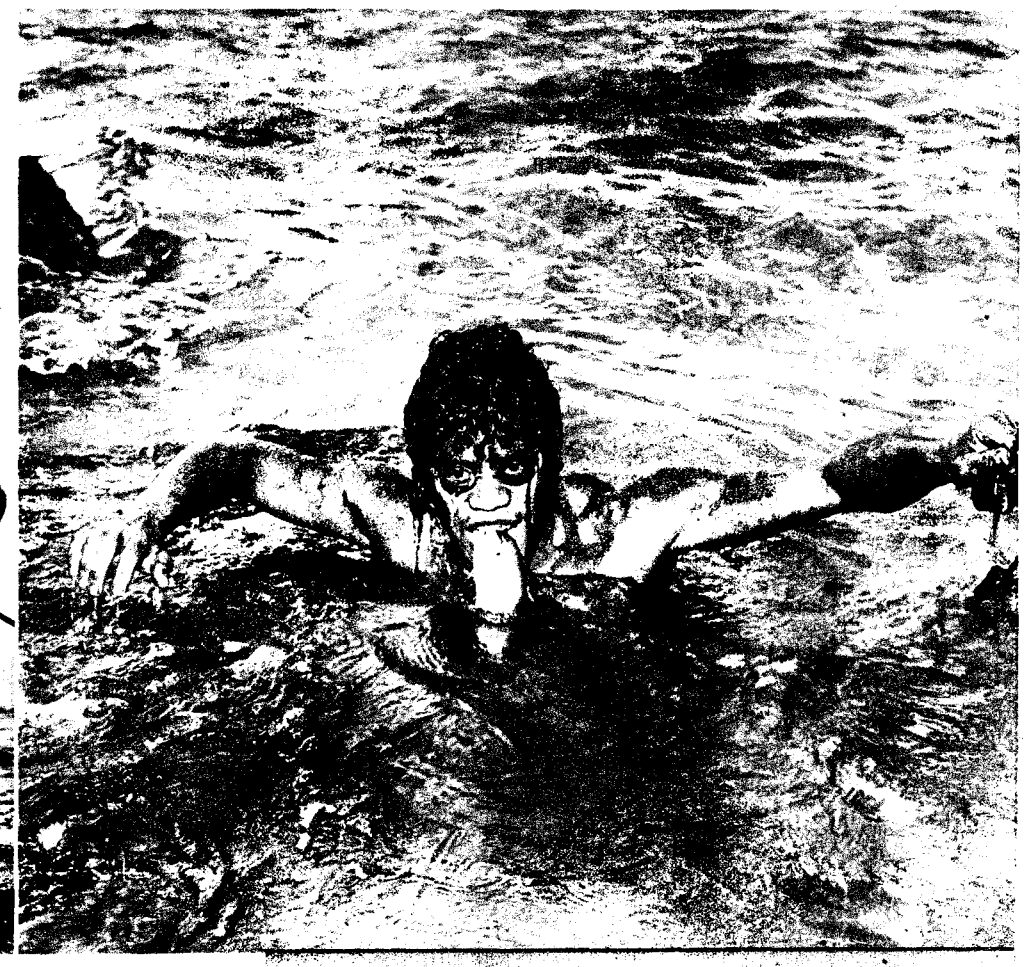

GI FISHERMAN. *In Hawaii, Sgt. Louis Hoomanowanui, an expert spear-fisherman, shows technique to Pvt. Gusty Lucas. Right, he comes up with a fish.*

SAW MILL. Somewhere in the South Pacific, the Army Engineers took over an abandoned mill, then rebuilt and staffed it completely with soldier personnel.

ARMY LOGGERS. Logs come in one end and U. S. soldiers take planks out the other in this Pacific saw mill. Lumber is used for piers, warehouses, barracks.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC VISIT TO

THE THINKER. Anyway he's concentrating. It's M Sgt. Pat Freeman, who invents passwords in New Guinea.

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At a Service Club, Prentice Card, CMM of Culver City, Calif., talks with Isobel Lee.

GOOD BOOK. Under a mural of a Melanesian native with a fish spear, Pfc. Charles M. Fata takes advantage of a new Red Cross Service Club's library.

ME DISTANT AMERICAN BASES

EXTRA SPECIAL. Cpl. Stanley Pacinskas is a hero, having made chocolate-covered doughnuts in New Guinea.

SIGNAL CORPS. Yanks from a crack battalion in Southwest Pacific dig trench for cables.

REPAIR MAN. Cpl. Jessie Smith on the job in Australia.

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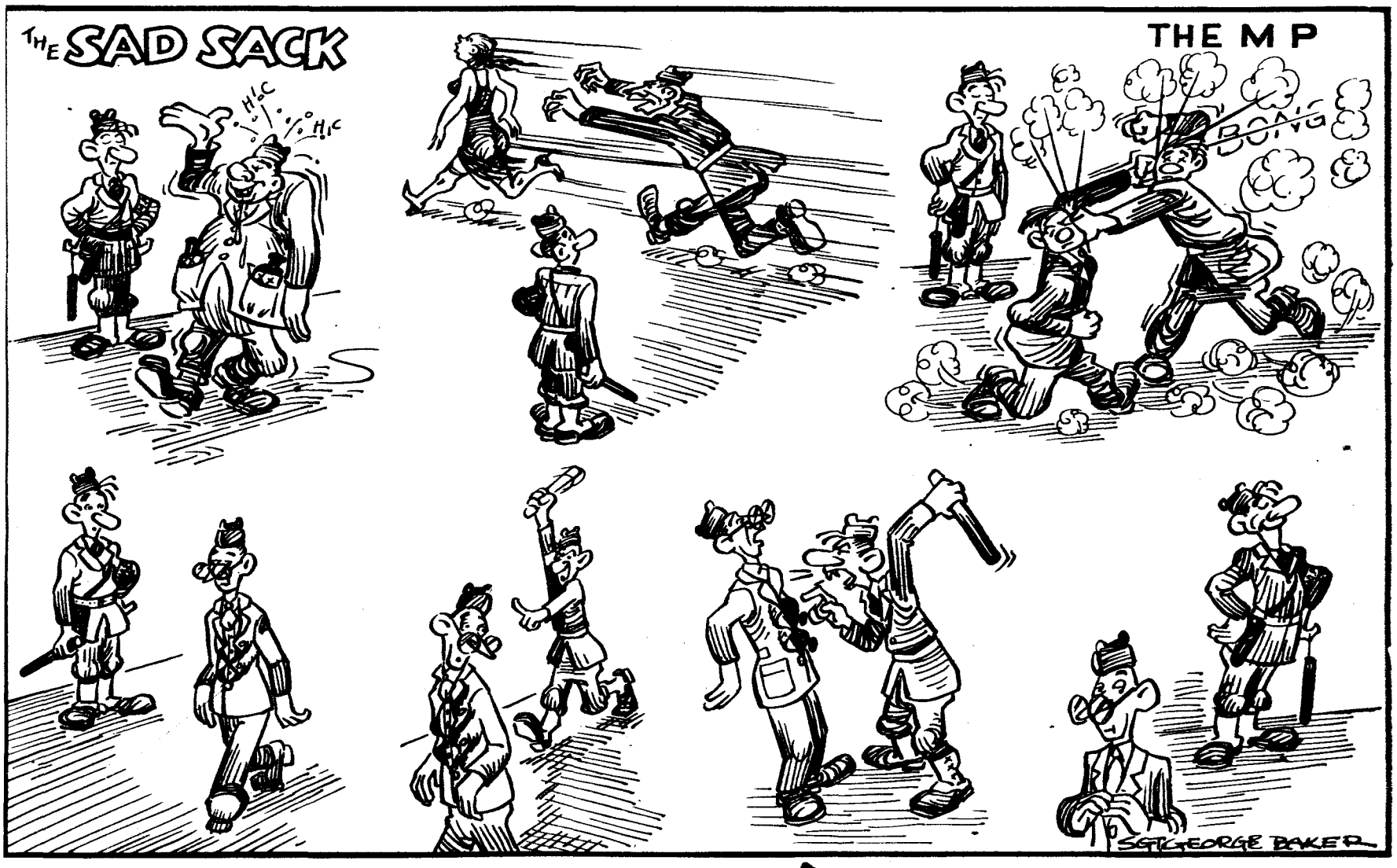

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

THE LOWDOWN ON ARTIE

WE THOUGHT it was Artie's truck and it *was* Artie's truck, and there was someone under it, but it wasn't Artie. We could tell that right away. For one thing, the feet of whoever was under the truck were too small, and for another, the shoes were laced. We got down on our knees and peered under the crankcase to see who the usurper was.

It was a hungry-looking KP we had seen in the mess hall last week just after Artie Greengroin was transferred to the kitchen as a cook. He held a wrench in one grubby hand and he was staring at the crankcase with a rather gruesome interest.

"Hullo," we said.

The little man turned a baleful eye on us. "What's eating you, ya jerk?" he said. "Did you get drunk and fall down?"

"We thought you were Artie," we said.

"Yeah, sure," the little man said. "I remember you. You're the friend of that rummy, Greengroin? Am I right?"

"Right," we said.

"Well," said the little man, "I suppose it ain't your fault. Anyways, Greengroin ain't here."

We asked where he was.

"In the horsepital, for krissake," the little man said. "Where'd you think he was, after eating his own cookings for a week?"

"Will he be out soon?" we asked.

"I hope not," the little man said, "and then again, I hope so. This Greengroin gives me a pain in the painer. Honest to gaw, I been doing nothing in the Army but going round cleaning up after that bassar. Past me that wrench, chum."

We passed him the wrench.

"This is Greengroin's truck," said the little man. "It is not woiking. Why is it not woiking? Because it is Greengroin's truck. I have been trying to fix it for three days. It is the most busted truck I ever seen. This Greengroin snafus the mess hall and snafus the trucking business. Past me that spanner, please."

The little man took the spanner and began to pound the crankcase of the truck. "You know," he said, "pretty soon I'm going to pound me a hole in this crankcase and I am going to get erl all over me face. That'll be Greengroin's fault, too. Gimme that hammer, Jack." We passed him the hammer.

"I was drafted the same day as Greengroin," the little man said, "and I been in the same place with him ever since. I know all about Greengroin. Next time you see him, ast him who takes all his dames away from him."

"Who does?" we asked.

"Me," said the little man. "Past me that ax."

"Artie never told us anything about having dames taken away from him," we said.

"Ah," said the little man, "thass that bassar all over. You never gets but one side of the story from Greengroin. Why I tooken more dames away from that toikey than they is in Canarsie. I think this crankcase is going to bust any minute now."

"When did you see Artie last?" we asked.

"I seen him this morning, the rummy," the little man said. "I go around to the horsepital every morning and gloat over his body. 'Yer getting yer pay, now,' I says to him. 'How's yer guts terday? I hope you got the gripes awful.' It's getting Greengroin down. I figure my jess going around to see him has delayed his recovery three days. And meanwhile I got to fix this truck. Greengroin should live so long. Past me that auger." We passed him the auger.

"He makes himself out to be a hero," the little man said. "But he ain't no hero. He's a bum. He owes me four dollars. One quid. Will I ever see that quid again? No, I will never see that quid again. Why not? Because Greengroin never pays. What a doity world."

"Who's taking his place in the mess hall?" we wanted to know.

"How should I know?" the little man said. "I never go in that joint. I take care of me stummick. Me teeth are bad and I can't hear very well and I'm getting balder than Mussolini, but I got a very good stummick. It's all that's left to me, so I take care of it. I been living on beer and cookies. Past me that pneumatic drill." We passed him the pneumatic drill.

"Lemme give you a woid of warning, chum," said the little man. "Keep away from Greengroin. He's a bum. He is a typical bum. I seen a million like him. He can't cook a meal, he can't drive a truck and he can't hold a dame. For a year and a half now I been going around and cleaning up after him. And now I got to go ahead and fix this truck he ruint."

We made the timid suggestion that the underside of the truck was beginning to look a little green around the gills.

"Greengroin's woik," said the little man. "It's awways Greengroin's woik. Here I give me blood and sweat to repair damage done by a incomhadn't had to go around all the time cleaning up hadn't had to go around al the time cleaning up after Greengroin. Past me that pick, Jack."

We passed him the pick, and he maneuvered it in the way picks have always been maneuvered. There was a dull clank and then a great jet of oil descended from the crankcase to the little man's face. He crawled out from under the truck.

"See?" he roared. "Greengroin's fault. Wait'll I get my hands on that bassar."

Great Britain —Sgt. HARRY BROWN

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MESSAGE CENTER

Does anyone know where **Noble Wrather** is stationed? **A/C George S. Wells** wants to know. Write him at SAACC, AAFCC, Sq. 105, Flt. J, San Antonio, Tex. . . . "If 'Short Snorter' **Boyd Binan** will contact the Oddity Shop, c/o Julia M. DeHorn, Stuart, Fla., he may have his dollar back."—**Lt. Lee M. Sundstrom**, Camp Murphy, Fla. . . . **A. B. Jolley WOJG** wants to get in touch with **Pvt. James F. Gray**, once at Lowry Field, Colo., and any of the men with or from his old outfit, now overseas. Jolley's address: Hq. 220th Med. Bn., Camp Campbell, Ky. . . . **2d Lt. Leonard Friend**, 848th Engr. Avn. Bn., Greenville, S. C., wants news from **Sgt. Bob Korte**, somewhere on the Alcan Highway. . . . **Pvt. Charles Cloninger**, 439th Engr. Dep. Co., Camp Swift, Tex., sends out tracers for **Sgt. Gordon R. Carr**, USMC, somewhere in the S.W. Pacific, and **Pvt. Gene Coffey**, stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C., in November 1942. . . . **Pfc. H. Blossom**, Box 193, 416 TSS, Gulfport Field, Miss., would like to hear from **Tolyon Baker, Nick Di Foggio** and **Paul Maynard**, also graduates of Cranbrook School, Class of '42. . . . **Cpl. Carl C. Behan**, 801 TD Bn., Co. B, Camp Hood, Tex., wants news from **Farrell Layman, Henry Fischer, Paul Reichert, Francis J. Clauda**. . . . **Sgt. George J. Becwar**, P/Hq., Sta. Com., Camp Butner, N. C., wants news from **Lts. Sterling Mitchell**, AAF; **Thomas Enright**, TD; **James Bryan**, TD; **Charles Meister**, Engr.; **Henry Volle**, Inf. . . . **Pvt. Joseph J. J. Quigley** wants **Pfc. Thomas J. Reagan**, England, to know he joined the Army last March and his address is now 13th Regt., Co. A, QMTRC, Camp Lee, Va. . . . **Cpl. Frank D. Wesley** has "mislaid" his former roommate, **Russell Culbertson S2c**, in the Navy for nearly two years. Wesley's address: Co. D, 63d QM Bn., Camp Pickett, Va. . . . **Pfc. Bill Middlecamp**, 781st Tech. Sch. Sq., AAB, Lincoln, Nebr., wants to get in touch with **Pvt. Bill Crandale** and **S/Sgt. Joseph Prehatny**, both in the AAF. . . . **A/C Fred Trenner**, AAFBFS, 43 G, Independence, Kans., wants news from his friends in the 88th Engr. Bn., Co. A. . . . **Pvt. Louis F. Christowski**, Co. 324, MPEG, Aliceville Internment Camp, Ala., has lost track of **Pfc. Paul C. Briarole**. . . . **Pfc. George Burroughs**, 24th Field Hospital, Camp White, Oreg., wants to hear from **Louis Simpson** on the *USS Philadelphia*. . . . **Sgt. Joe Domowski**, 485th Base Hq. and AB Sq., AAB, Kearney, Nebr., wants to hear from **Lou Greenlee, James E. Emmons, Sammy Serio, Joe Lechene** and **Tommy Albans Jr.**

TRADING POST. The following men want to swap or sell shoulder patches and insignia: **Pfc. F. M. Haws**, Hq., Hq. Det. Amph. Tng. Center, Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.; **Cpl. John A. Schimsa**, Gp. Hq., 1117 Engr., Combat Bn., Camp Swift, Tex.; **Cpl. Lowell A. Young**, Hq. Btry., 282d FA Bn., Camp Claiborne, La.; **Pvt. S. A. Hampton**, 72d Sq. AB, CAAF, Columbus, Miss.; **Cpl. Bernard Epstein**, 88th Sig. Co., Camp Gruber, Okla.; **Pvt. Edward F. Seis**, 33d, AB Sq., Paine Field, Wash.; **Sgt. Jack E. Bedwell**, Sec. 4, Ward 11, Sta. Hosp., Fort Lewis, Wash.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Nevels & Hart *Plager* *Bradley*

Pfc. Kenneth E. Nevels (left) wanted this picture printed to remind Pvt. Ned Hart of their old friendship. Hart can start the ball rolling if he will write to Nevels c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Pvt. Nathan Plager** of Chelsea, Mass., spent 33 months in the S. Pacific before returning to the States on an emergency furlough. He wants to tell his cousin, Lt. Commander Louis Glazer at Miami, Fla., he's trying for OCS when he returns to his station, and adds: "Hope we can get together soon." . . . **Frank S. Bradley**, 42 Broadway, Coast Guard Pay Office, N.Y.C., wants Coleman Raines Y1c, who transferred from his ship at Baltimore, Md., to write him.

Velasquez *Lucas* *Engman*

T/5 Richard Velasquez of Lodi, Calif., returning to his base overseas after a 30-day furlough, sends this message to his outfit, the 164th FA: "Had a big wedding in the States; now I have to leave my wife and return to you mugs." . . . **George J. Lucas S2c** tells Pfc. Frank Ochaba, a marine in the Somoa Islands, that he's seen Audrey Sikora a couple of times. "If you're worried," he adds, "write me: 42 Broadway, Coast Guard Pay Office, N.Y.C." . . . **Pfc. Vernon Engman**, on the Alcan Highway, asks Pfc. Caleb Gabrielson in N. Africa to say hello to Vince Larson and Floyd Nelson. He adds: "Crooked Lake is plenty dead."

Pace *Rosell* *Romanello*

Cpl. Glenn Pace, up to his knees in supply work in New Guinea, pauses to shake hands via YANK with a top kick. It's okay, though—the guy's his brother, 1st Sgt. Wayne Pace, now at Camp Edwards, Mass. "Congratulations on the baby boy," says Glenn. "I would like very much to be in your battery—back at Camp Edwards." . . . From his Alaska air base, **Pvt. Everett Rosell** asks Pvt. Delmer Shoupe of Montrose, Mich., stationed in Hawaii: "How are you, King? . . . From Rosie." . . . **Cpl. Joseph Romanello**, stationed in the Caribbean, has "mislaid" his kid brother, Pvt. Thomas Romanello, known to his friends as "Porky." Thomas should write to Joseph c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*.

Rainey *Johnson* *Ragan*

Mess Sgt. Charley Rainey of Beaumont, Tex., modestly admits he's the best chow dispenser in India. He asks his pal, T/4 Wilbur Matthews, who went to the same Cooks and Bakers School at Fort Benning, Ga., if he can claim the same title in N. Africa. . . . **Sgt. Rodney G. Johnson** of Hellertown, Pa., is now in Puerto Rico and sends this message to his brother, 1st Sgt. J. Leroy Johnson, in New Guinea: "Don't worry about Anne and Ruth. They're both being well taken care of." . . . **Howard E. Ragan AP2c** left Sugar Creek, Mo., to join the Navy five years ago. From somewhere in Alaska he writes W. W. DeRusha MM2c of Boulder, Colo.: "Let me hear from you if you see this in YANK."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

I just finished reading your Jan. 3 YANK and I must say it is the nearest to nothing I ever started and completed. . . . Why not tell some of the things that happen, not what the fellows 100 miles back have to think and say. . . . We sleep in the ground like moles. . . . We get November mail in March. . . . We don't even know what a barracks is or how a good song sounds . . . Stop putting all that bull in YANK and put in some real facts and stories. . . .

—**Sgt. CARROLL F. SINCLAIR**

Africa

■ Our Sgt. Pete Paris, who sleeps under a jeep in North Africa at night and was one of the first men into Maknassy, has been up front writing and shooting pictures during the whole campaign. He can best answer whether YANK prints real facts and stories. Like all YANK writers, Sgt. Paris is where things are going on. And that Jan. 3 issue, Sgt. Sinclair, was even *printed* overseas. Same issue printed in the U. S., was dated Jan. 6. Better read another couple of issues, sarge.

Dear YANK:

We've been overseas almost 18 months now. We've moved practically every two weeks, traveled about 30,000 miles, and have seen a lot of the Southwest Pacific. It hardly seems fair that in so huge an army the greatest proportion of soldiers should have to stay at home. Air raids, dehydrated chow, pythons and jungle heat are events that Americans don't experience every day. Certainly some opportunity should be given those men who are eager to be in there pitching. It seems to us that with all the facilities that the Army affords, a mutual transfer through channels could be arranged. We don't want to hog the whole war.

—**Sgt. JOEL PRESSMAN***

New Guinea

* Letter also signed by T/Sgt. Calder, Sgts. Powell, Shapiro, Wells, and Cpl. Downer.

Dear YANK:

Reading the article on dice shooting [in a March issue], I notice that John Scarne quoted the odds on various points but has asserted this in the form of fractions. I don't think this is sufficiently clear to the average crap shooter. It is my opinion that Mr. Scarne ought to put these odds in dollars-and-cents form, showing that 6 to 5 can mean 30 cents to a quarter, etc. In that form, a crap shooter could cut the table out and paste it in his hat, using it as a practical betting table.

—**Pfc. JUSTIN L. GILBERT**

Nashville, Tenn.

■ Here is YANK's betting table as originally published with the correct dollars-and-cents odds added.

AGAINST PASSING

6 to 5 against 6 or 8 (30¢-25¢)
3 to 2 against 5 or 9 (30¢-20¢)
2 to 1 against 4 or 10 (30¢-15¢)
8 to 1 against double 2 or double 5 (40¢-5¢)
10 to 1 against double 3 or double 4 (50¢-5¢)

ODDS ON THE COME-OUT

35 to 1 against double numbers ($1.75-5¢)
17 to 1 against 11 (85¢-5¢)
11 to 1 against 4 or 10 (55¢-5¢)
8 to 1 against 5 or 9 (40¢-5¢)
8 to 1 against crap (2, 3, and 12) (40¢-5¢)
5 to 1 against 7 (25¢-5¢)

Dear YANK:

I have seen the article "Enemy Weapons" [in a May issue of YANK]. It is far and away the best discussion of the subject I have seen anywhere.

—**RICHARD G. McCLOSKEY**
Editor-in-chief
Military Service Publishing Co.

Dear YANK:

During mail call on Apr. 21, the first in 60 days, I received 10 copies of YANK. I enjoyed reading every one and handed them out to the boys when I finished. . . . I like it so much that I'm going to discontinue delivery of the home-town paper and concentrate on YANK. I believe the paper is everything a soldier asks for. Your coverage of the news on the other fighting fronts is excellent. And when you mention the area I'm in, I can honestly say that what I read is as true as can be mentioned. . . . I have been in Alaska since March 1942. No civilization exists here except the time I missed seeing Bob Hope by 150 miles.

—**Pvt. ARTHUR EAGLE**

Alaska

Dear YANK:

I have been reading the stories of your visits to home towns in wartime and would appreciate it if you would stop by my home town. Whenever I tell the fellows that I come from a place called Maspeth, Queens County, N. Y., they say they never heard of it. I sure hope you will write it up, so they'll know Maspeth is not a fictitious name.

—**Sgt. EDWARD F. CASEY**

Greenville, S. C.

Dear YANK:

I've just finished reading Sgt. Bill Davidson's home town article on Bucyrus, Ohio, and enjoyed it very much. I showed it to a Texan in my outfit, and he said it was a true picture of his own home town. The boys are all excited, waiting for the next article. They think it will be their home town that Sgt. Davidson will write about next.

—**Cpl. SAMUEL SCHEINIS**

Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo.

Dear YANK:

One of our beloved sergeants, S/Sgt. Bobby Schmalz, thought he was having the morning-after sensations when the imitation snake in the picture was found lying on his bunk. When he got over his shock, the sergeant decided to get into practice for the day when he's shipped to India. We call him "King Cobra Schmalzy" now.

—**Cpl. MERLE E. MAINE**

Hill Field, Utah

Dear YANK:

If the war is over before my subscription runs out, I hope you will just forget about it, for I know I will.

—**Cpl. JULE C. LA PERKIS**

Alaska

Dear YANK:

I caught you up in a May issue of YANK. In *Evening Report* you said Joan Thorsen was blond. I have known Joan Thorsen practically since the day she was born. I went to school with her and can assure you she isn't blond, never was blond and probably never will be blond. However, now that she's in pictures anything can happen.

—**Cpl. R. G. McCLURE**

Dale Mabry Field, Fla.

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BROADWAY. Mrs. Rose Hovick, mother of Gypsy Rose Lee and screen actress June Hovick, charged the world's leading exponent of the take-off with nonsupport. Gypsy said she gives Ma $150 monthly, bought her a $3,000 house, but that Mrs. Hovick still insisted on buying items like $3,900 worth of chickens and a new home in Nyack without first making sure she had enough cash. . . . "So Help Me," that's the name of Georgie Jessel's recently published autobiography. . . . Ziegfeld Follies' Milton Berle is 1-A. . . . Paramount Pictures advertised in a trade paper that "China," starring Alan Ladd, was breaking box-office marks at the New York Paramount without mentioning the presence of Harry James and his band on the stage, then hurriedly obtained the expensive services of songster Frankie Sinatra as a substitute when the current hero of the jitterbugs was bedded for one day with the flu. . . . Hannah Williams Dempsey has changed her suit against Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey of the Coast Guard from one for separate maintenance to an action for divorce. . . . Censorship on the copy for his Sunday night broadcasts is again irritating Walter Winchell. . . . Two popular plays, Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" and "Lady in the Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence are closing. The Coward play, which won the Critics Circle Award in 1942, will be revived for a road tour in the fall.

Gypsy Rose Lee

HOLLYWOOD. English actor John Loder, impatient because his divorce from French actress Marceline Cheirel isn't final, filed another action in Mexico so that he could carry out at once his plans to marry Hedy Lamarr. Not so impatient, however, was Hedy. She said wedding plans were still indefinite. . . . Lovely Constance Moore of "By Jupiter" fame on Broadway has signed to do two pictures for RKO. . . . Shirley Temple, now 15 years old and a high-school sophomore, signed a long-term contract with David O. Selznick. Her last picture, "Miss Annie Rooney," was made more than a year ago. . . . According to the *Hollywood Reporter*, Columbia has the inside track in the race for governmental permission to make a film of Barney Ross' adventures on Guadalcanal. . . . Brooklyn's bullfighting Sid Franklin returned to this country after making "From New York to Huipanguillo" while in Mexico. . . . Fred MacMurray, who played in a dance band before landing in pictures, reverts to type with saxophone in "The Angels Sing." . . . GIs in Africa will sympathize with Humphrey Bogart, who is under suspension at Warner Brothers for demanding a vacation after playing the lead in "Sahara." . . . MGM's Patricia Dane, after vocal coaching, will make her debut at the mike with hubby Tommy Dorsey's band when it tours the GI circuit. . . . Martha O'Drilscoll appeared at several Army camps en route east.

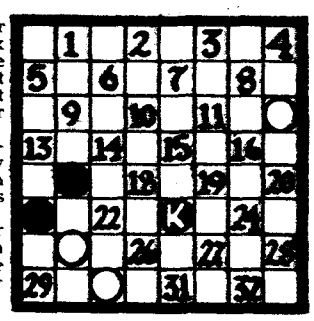
Constance Moore

CHECKER STRATEGY

TROUBLE looms ahead for White. See how Black threatens to steal the piece on 25 by moving first 23 to 18, then 17 to 22? That would mean curtains for White.

There's a way out, however. Some smart strategy by White puts Black in an odd situation, and cinches the draw.

Before checking your analysis with the solution on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard as shown.



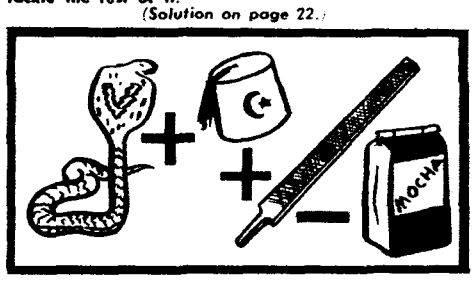
Marjorie Lord

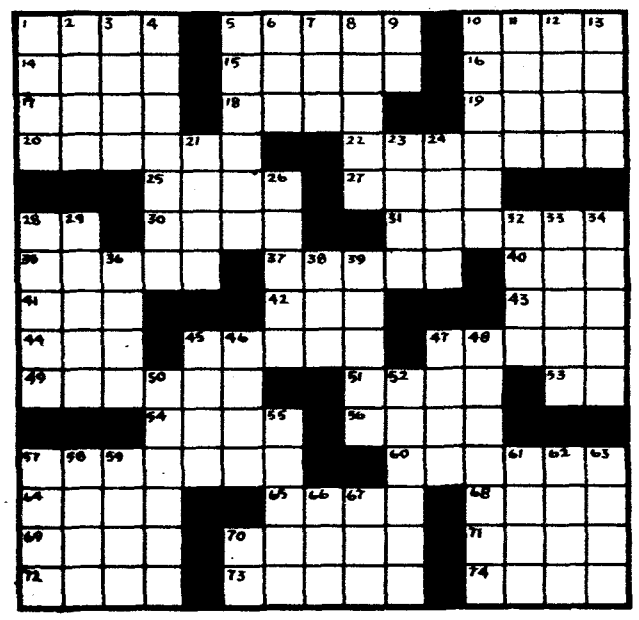
The biography of the young lady pictured at the left reveals that she preferred acting to a business career, a decision which was something of a break for your eyes. Marjorie's latest movie is Universal's "Sherlock Holmes in Washington."

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First solve the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract, as indicated, the letters of the pictured objects. The result will be the name of one of our Allies. Fill this word into the Crossword Puzzle, 31 across. Then tackle the rest of it.

(Solution on page 22.)





ACROSS

1. This ain't no more
5. Wolf hide-outs
10. Chums
14. Finished
15. Sounded off
16. Sea in Asiatic U.S.S.R.
17. Nothing more than
18. Secluded narrow valley
19. Pleasing, like a pin-up girl
20. Magic word; quickly
22. Thought about KP
25. Horse gait
27. Thailand
28. Persuasive guy with an armband
30. Wolf that stalks single
31. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
35. Helped
37. Build up a bankroll
40. Before
41. Confederate general
42. Title of address
43. Punishment, when taken
44. Handy hole card in stud
45. Get rid of dough
47. Whacked
49. Part of Allied shipping route (two words)
51. The vagabond of the orchestra
53. Hesitant exclamation
54. Four-fifths of a carat
56. Where to find a ham
57. ——— for duty!
60. There's a great turnover in these
64. That terrible guy
65. Bellyache
68. Lazy statue
69. What to call a king
70. Mickey himself
71. Memorandum
72. Wapitis
73. Texas ox
74. Former U. S. ambassador to Japan

DOWN

1. Grandeur
2. Declare positively
3. Dried up
4. Braced framework
5. Shallow lake
6. Feel like visit to sick bay
7. Byproduct of a hot foot
8. Tears
9. State (abbr.)
10. Hattie's nickname. Famous for her locks
11. Dry
12. Lavender and old ———
13. Arctic vehicle
21. Walked on
23. These bones don't roll
24. Hearing organs
26. Strip accompaniment
28. Pertaining to the cheek
29. Much donated part of the mind
32. Ceiling ———; ——— hour
33. Condition of a slightly piqued sarge
34. Lazar
36. It's guardhouse or medals for an outstanding one
38. Andy Gump's wife
39. Enthusiasm
45. To scorch
46. Invisible after a GI haircut
47. You gotta do this before you sprout wings
48. It's fancy with "you here"
50. British rolls
52. Delivers the goods to Berlin
55. Type of neck scarf
57. ——— and shine!
58. Naughty in a big way
59. Greenest part of the city
61. Scent
62. Repetition
63. Bumped off
66. Regret
67. American Society of Engineers (abbr.)
70. Manuscript (abbr.)

COMPANY STREET

"Jack Benny," jackass mascot at Blythe (Calif.) Army Air Base, follows Pvts. Miles, Leitch and Karpinski on a Sunday afternoon stroll in the desert.

REVENGE. Air Cadets Hon Tong Chee, George S. K. Yuen and Nam Joe Chung of Honolulu, T. H., were relaxing on a height overlooking Pearl Harbor when the Japs rained hell there. Now they're training at **Ellington Field,** Tex., to rain hell on the Japs. . . . Pvt. Dionysius Mandakas, **Camp Pickett,** Va., fought the Axis as a guerrilla in the hills of his native Greece, is now waiting for a chance to get back and "mop up those bastard Nazis." . . . At **Wendover Field,** Utah, Sgt. Samuel W. Stone wants another chance at Axis soldiers. He fought 19 months as a volunteer with the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War.

THRILLS. Pvt. Denzil McDowell, a test pilot at **Gunter Field,** Ala., was flying a training ship on a test hop over the field when he heard bullets whizzing all about him. He looked up, saw a plane straight ahead towing a sleeve target directly under his wing, and to his left an echelon of planes whose gunners were blazing away at the target—and at him. Thrilled (and scared), McDowell swung out of target range. . . . S/Sgt. Homer Darwin and T/4 Stanley Fitzpatrick were hiking up Lookout Mountain near **Fort Oglethorpe,** Ga., when they saw a fox tearing toward them. Darwin picked up a stick, missed, swung again, then connected. They carried the fox to the fort hospital, were told the critter had rabies. . . . Cpl. Ellis Hampton, reported missing in **Tunisia,** walked into his home at Bonanza, Ark., without warning his parents because he wanted to "give them a thrill." He did. . . . It was late one night at **Camp Phillips,** Kans., where Pvts. William Cave and Joe Moors were pulling guard duty. They spied a mysterious form in the darkness. They challenged, got no answer, gave a final challenge, then charged—a wooden sawhorse.

MONEY. When pay day comes at **Camp Robinson,** Ark., Pvt. Charles Jermane just doesn't give a damn. The reason: Out of his 50 bucks $18.75 goes for bonds, $22 to his wife, and $8.90 for insurance. The balance, 35 cents, he keeps. . . . PO William Volland, who fought with the Seabees at **Guadalcanal,** was promised by his brother-in-law $10 a head for every Jap he killed. So last week Volland collected $260 for 26 Nips he knocked off with his machine gun, tried but failed to get $130 more for 13 he captured. "Only dead Japs count," said his brother-in-law. . . . Pfc Jack Delaney, on KP at **Camp Crowder,** Mo., picked up a 5-buck tip under a mess-hall plate. He couldn't find the tipper.

LETTERS. Pvt. Robert Harris didn't get any mail for an entire month while fighting in **Tunisia.** Then one day he received a bundle of 200 letters from his girl and 150 from his father. "I got a whole day off to read them," wrote Harris.

1 2 3 4 5 IN A ROW 8 9 10

This one's tougher than it sounds. See how long it takes you to solve it.

Place 10 checkers in a row. Buttons, pennies or flapjacks will also do.

The problem is to pick up a checker, jump two adjacent checkers and crown the next piece—continuing in this way until only kings are left. In jumping over a king, consider it as two checkers. Jumps may be made in either direction. . . . We've numbered the checkers so you can check with the answer on page 22.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS **If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.**

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OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

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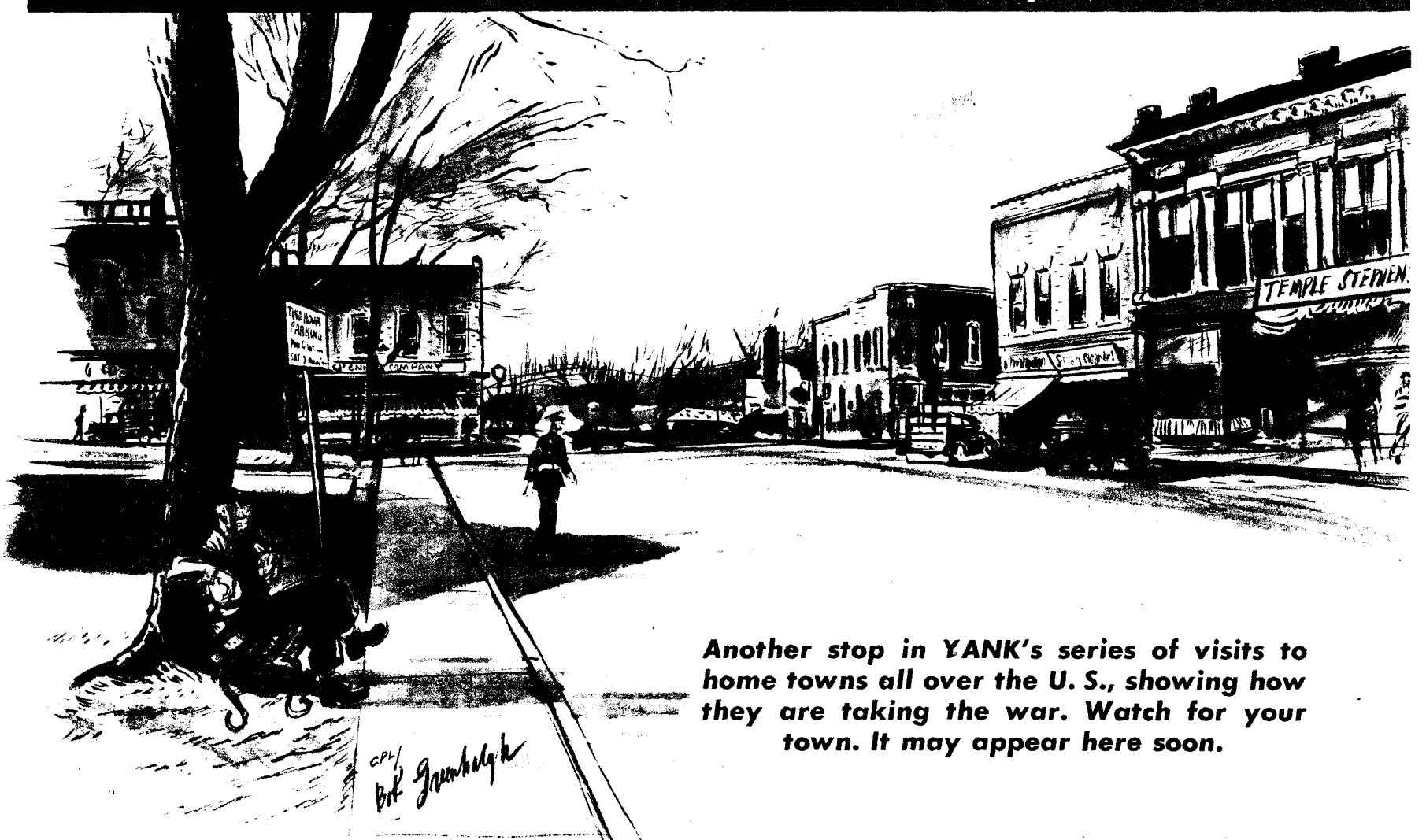
HOME TOWNS IN WAR TIME

MEXICO, Mo.



Another stop in YANK's series of visits to home towns all over the U. S., showing how they are taking the war. Watch for your town. It may appear here soon.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

MEXICO, Mo.—Mexico has always liked to live in the past. It calls itself "Little Dixie" (most of its leading families came originally from Virginia and Kentucky), speaks with an extra-broad Southern accent, adheres to strict pre-Civil War family upbringing, sternly banishes all drinking establishments to the outskirts of town, has stately colonial mansions, and boasts that in the election of 1860, only one man had the temerity to vote for Abraham Lincoln. To its credit, it also boasts that the man, one Cudworth, did so publicly on the courthouse steps, in the face of threatened mob violence.

With this background, Mexico never could be classed as a rip-roaring town by any stretch of the imagination.

But now the war has made it conscious of the present. There are casualty lists and point rationing. There is also quite a bit of excitement.

Recently, for instance, the Liberty Theater was crowded for a picture called "A Yank at Eton." Everything was going along fine when suddenly the unmistakable sound of an air-raid siren wafted into the theater. Most of the town's 18 air-raid wardens were in the audience, and they looked at each other in amazement. No practice drill was scheduled. The siren then could mean only one thing—the Germans or Japanese had managed to send planes to the middle of the United States and were about to bomb hell out of Mexico, Mo.

Everyone poured out into the street, and in 10 minutes the town was ready for the worst. Just then the station agent sauntered over from the depot, observed the feverish preparations along Jefferson Street and shook his head. "I told that engineer on the Wabash No. 12 not to play tricks with that train whistle of his," he said.

Other things have happened in Mexico, too. A whole company of Naval pre-flight cadets moved into town, taking over the airport, the music rooms of the old Hardin Junior College and a few of the more susceptible females.

Out at the Missouri Military Academy, where the pews of the old Episcopal Church have been converted into an obstacle course, they are converting small-fry GIs into OCS material on a mass-production basis.

To handle the surplus excitement, the Junior Chamber of Commerce opened a pseudo night club, known as the Jaycee Club, in the vacant store next to the lumber company on Jefferson Street. This establishment is family-approved, serves soft drinks, has a juke box and is designed chiefly to keep the small fry away from the frowned-upon Rock Garden and Blue Sky Tavern on the edge of town.

The Sweet Shop closed when its owner, Phil McCauley, was drafted, whereupon the high-school kids merely transferred their afternoon activity to Dean's Drug Store. Dean's, in fact, had to rearrange its balcony to accommodate them. A sign on the soda-fountain reads:. "Do not loaf on stools and tables. Use balcony for visiting."

Dobyn's Coffee Shop is more crowded than ever with citizens figuring out the global strategy of the war in pencil on the long white counters. Safire's shoe-repair shop had to lock its doors and post this sign: "No more shoes accepted until we get caught up."

THE huge A. P. Green Fire Brick Company is humming day and night, turning out boiler linings for Liberty ships and Navy battle wagons. It has received the Army-Navy "E" award and the Maritime Commission "M." The brick plant is more than ever the mainstay of the town's livelihood. Sixty women work at the kilns now, where there were none before. Some of the farmers, like George Carson of Auxvasse, work at the plant by day, and tend their farms in the evening.

Other changes have been more wrenching. You just can't rationalize the loss of 1,400 men out of Audrain County's total population of 22,000. Their absence is felt, especially by the married and engaged girls, whose chief excitement now is going to Dobyn's together for a coke (when Dobyn's *has* a coke) and throwing engagement parties at the Dixie Inn.

Two of the town's three newspapers folded. The *Daily News and Intelligencer* was a normal casualty, caused by acute deficiencies in the publisher's pocket. The *Free Press*, however, was carried out gloriously and on its shield. The entire staff went into the armed forces, including Warren McIntyre, the editor. The last issue carried the headline: IT TOOK A WAR TO STOP US. The Mexico *Ledger* is still going strong.

The County Fair was canceled. The softball stadium by the Fairgrounds now is just an empty field overgrown with weeds. The Golden Glove bouts, normally held at the Rex Theater, were called off. The bowling league is tottering. The high-school teams were just so-so, winning the Northeastern Missouri football championship and ending up at the bottom of the basketball league.

Other things remain the same.

Missouri housewives still prepare salt-rising bread, beaten biscuit, catfish, candied yams, mustard greens, sorghum and preserves, and fried country ham. Bluff old Dr. Frank Harrison is still bringing nearly all the community's babies into the world. Mexico's famous saddle-horse barns—Lee Brothers', Hamilton's and John Hook's—still develop horses of the caliber of the great Rex McDonald and Belle Beach, in that wonderful horseman's dream world, devoid of war's reality.

People still play bridge. Visitors are still shown the A. P. Green estate and Park Circle. They are never shown Little Oklahoma and Trolley Heights. The whole county flocks to Courthouse Square and Jefferson Street on Saturday. The fried chicken at the Hoxsey Hotel is delicious. Asa Hall, who claims to be the world's champion distance roller skater, is still around, functioning as a sort of mechanized sandwich man. Doodlebug Evans is around, too, and people still whisper he is the original of the doctor-hero in the best seller, "King's Row."

"The Hound Dog," a train so nicknamed because its whistle sounds like a hunting horn, is on the main line now, but at 11:48 A.M. and 1:58 P.M. its weird blasts still set every hunting dog within earshot to barking furiously and straining to get at the chase. The Missouri fox hunts (in which everyone sits on a hill and listens for the sound of his own dog's yelp when the fox is finally holed) are still being held. There are still coon-dog races at Bob Green's farm, even though Bob himself is away in the Navy. And the kids sneak off during the day to go squirrel hunting and at night to "shine frogs."

These are the things that do not change
They will be there when you get back.

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Army Specialized Training Program

Here are answers to some of the questions soldiers usually ask about it

What is the purpose of the Army Specialized Training Program?

With the draft age lowered to 18, the Army can't depend upon a continuous supply of professionally and technically trained men from the universities. To prevent a shortage of technicians, the Army is reversing the process and sending selected enlisted men back to college for intensive training, with the idea that when they are graduated, they'll be available for specialized military jobs or qualified for officer candidate schools.

Who is qualified to apply for the ASTP?

There are two phases of training: basic and advanced.

A. General qualifications for basic training:
1) Applicant must be less than 22 years old on date of application,
2) Be a high-school graduate or have the equivalent of a high-school education,
3) Have a score of at least 115 in the Army General Classification Test.

B. General qualifications for advanced training:
1) Applicants must be between the ages of 18 and 38 on date of application,
2) Have at least one year of college education,
3) Have a score of at least 115 in the Army General Classification Test.

No one can apply for ASTP who is on the alert for overseas duty or has not had basic training.

How do you apply?

After making application through your CO, you will go before an ASTP field selection board, composed of officers of your camp. After your interview, you will be recommended as a candidate for ASTP if you have shown you have the necessary qualifications.

What do you study in the basic course?

History, geography, English, mathematics, physics, chemistry and engineering drawing. When you have completed this program, or as much of it as is deemed necessary, you may be recommended for assignment to an officer candidate school, to immediate service with combat troops, or to advanced specialized training.

What do you study in advanced course?

You'll be assigned to one of these fields of study: medical, dental, veterinary, engineering (electrical, civil, chemical and mechanical), mathematics, rare languages, military government or personnel psychology.

What determines whether you take basic or advanced training?

All trainees will be given tests to determine where they fit in the program. No one over 22 is eligible for basic training, but men under 22 may be eligible for basic or advanced.

Where are the tests given?

The classification tests are given at STAR units (abbreviation for Specialized Training Assignment and Reclassification). There are 17 STAR units at colleges in different parts of the country. Here men are interviewed and tested and then recommended for specific classes and terms.

How long will the training last?

The basic training varies in length from three to five terms. Each term lasts 12 weeks. The advanced training is a series of 12-week terms which vary according to the academic requirements of the particular field of study. At the end of each term, trainees take a test to qualify for the next term.

Will a trainee be reduced to private?

Those qualified for the advanced training will not lose their grade. But basics will be trained in grade of private.

What other training is there besides academic?

There are five hours of military instruction and six hours of physical training every week, except for those assigned to advanced medical, dental and veterinary courses.

Will trainees be used as "cadet" officers?

Yes, the trainees will be organized into companies, battalions and regiments. Within each unit the trainees will take turns as acting platoon sergeants, platoon leaders and officers. The job is rotated to give each man a chance to develop leadership ability.

Can men in limited service apply?

At the present time ASTP is limited to 90 percent general service and 10 percent limited service.

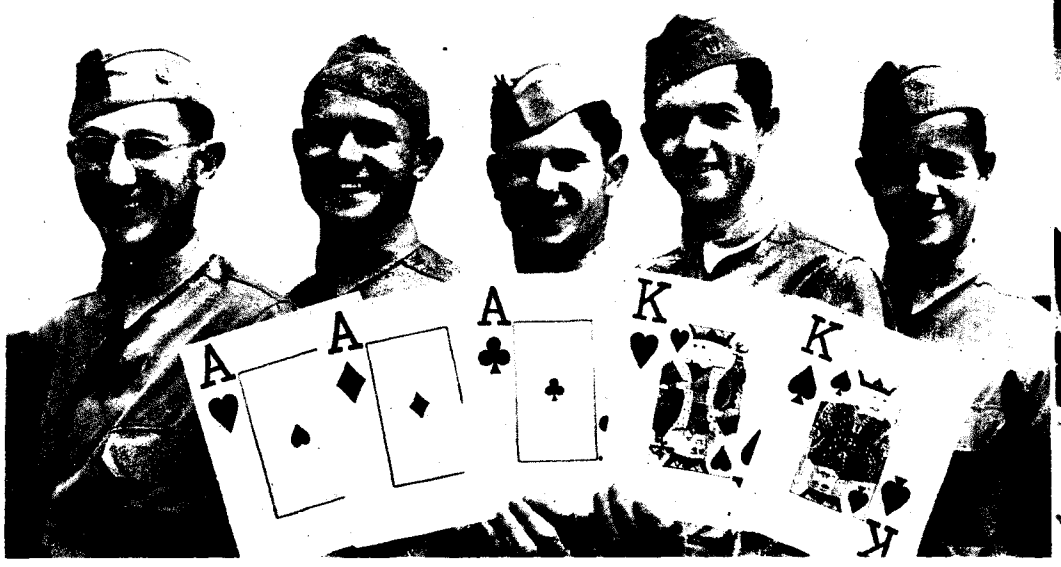
What happens when a trainee leaves the ASTP?

The ASTP Division has stated: "It is anticipated that the great majority of men brought into the program will be moved directly into officer candidate school upon completion of the course."

However, there are other alternatives. If a trainee isn't recommended for OCS, he will be:
a. Appointed as a technical noncommissioned officer, or
b. Returned to the troops, or
c. Assigned to *advanced* specialized training, or
d. In exceptional cases, assigned to technical work outside the Army deemed highly important to the war effort.

OUT OF FORMATION

Cpl. Frank Pacific, "boogie-woogie bugler" of Co. B, 9th Bn., 3rd Regt. of the Camp Pickett (Va.) MRTC, helps appetites by dishing out a musical appetizer before chow.



Triplets and twins with a pat string of names make a "full house." Left to right: Tom, Dick and Harry Bell, and Elbert and Elmer Cox, all at the AAF school, Bryan, Tex.

After a day of Third Army maneuvers in Louisiana, GIs organize a song fest with the aid of a portable piano.

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NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

Eleven miners were dead after an explosion in the Praco coal mine near Birmingham. Noble Hendrix resigned as principal of Birmingham's Woodlawn High School to become dean of students at the University of Alabama. Sixty Montgomery schoolboys started their vacation early to work potato fields in Baldwin County. Dry leaders appeared before the House and Senate temperance committees to urge state prohibition legislation.

ARIZONA

Samuel Cooke, Apache Indian, appeared twice in U. S. Court at Tucson on charges of bringing liquor into Indian country, but both hearings were postponed for lack of an interpreter. At Nogales, the Methodist Church on Grand Avenue and the Trinity Congregational Church united for the duration; services are held in the Methodist Church with the Rev. O. A. Smith of Trinity as joint pastor. A. B. Cole, Pima County treasurer, reported the largest tax collections in years.

CALIFORNIA

Atty. Gen. Kenny ruled that servicemen must pay state income taxes on earnings up to Apr. 14, 1943; a new law provides exemption after that date. At Burbank, 1,500 teen-age youths were working part time in airplane factories. Fitch Robertson was elected mayor of Berkeley, defeating Frank A. Berg. Capt. Timothy B. Healy, suspended twice from the Sacramento Fire Department, resigned. At Oakland, victory gardeners unearthed $12 in small change on a lot once used for tent revival meetings. At Yreka, the Knights of Pythias planned a permanent honor roll of Siskiyou County servicemen and women.

COLORADO

The state's Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act was invoked to block ouster proceedings against Edgar L. Patton and Edgar L. Scott, Denver patrolmen in the Navy without leaves of absence. Twenty-six Indians quit work as section hands for the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad, explaining that "the Great Spirit was displeased" since a tribesman was killed recently by a falling rock. The county jail was closed at Cripple Creek and rail service between Cripple Creek and Colorado Springs was abandoned.

THE DAKOTAS

North Dakota. Flood waters of the Red River, highest in 23 years, drove 60 families from their homes in the Lincoln Park area at Grand Forks. Jamestown voted to return to Central war time. Wesley Nolan, Huff farmer, collected an $8 bounty on coyote pups captured on Ed Smith's farm. Roy Griffiths, Oriska farmer, was severely burned when gasoline drainings exploded in an abandoned well where he was burning rubbish. **South Dakota.** Dr. C. M. Granskou, president of Augustana College, Sioux Falls, was elected president of St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. Prairie fires destroyed 1,000 head of livestock and much fodder this spring, and Gov. Sharpe has proclaimed an emergency in the range areas. Two new wells were added to the Sioux Falls municipal pumping system.

GEORGIA

Atlanta has a new ordinance prohibiting the carrying of switch-blade knives, ice picks (ice men excepted) and razors not securely wrapped. Georgia 4-H Club members pledged themselves to grow enough food this year to fill a 10,000-ton Liberty ship and sell enough War Bonds to pay for it. Decatur's Last Man Club organized a clearing house for addresses to help DeKalb County servicemen to keep in touch with one another. The yield of hundreds of acres of cabbage, beans, squash and corn was being shipped from the Thomasville area.

IDAHO

Idaho's 46 game officers surveyed their areas for post-war projects that would employ returning soldiers. At Boise, George L. Fleharty began his 31st year as leader of Sunday afternoon band concerts in Julia Davis Park; Gowan Field welcomed Idaho's first WAAC contingent. At Moreland, Darwin Grimmett, 16, was crushed to death by a tractor. Disapproval of the Presidential order to create the Jackson Hole national monument was voted by the Idaho Cattlemen's Association at Boise.

ILLINOIS

Four guards were beaten with hammers in an attempted prison break by 19 convicts at Joliet. Illinois U. class reunions were canceled except for the 50th anniversary celebration of the class of '93. O. Lillian Barton, dean of State Normal University at Normal for 31 years, resigned and was succeeded by Dr. Anna Keaton. The state bought a 450-acre park site on Lake Michigan between Waukegan and Zion City, but will lend it to the Army for a training camp. Hillsboro's glass works reopened to manufacture fruit jars. At Hazel Dell, Cumberland County people gave Joseph Rue, Civil War veteran, a big church dinner on his 100th birthday. Sally Rand donated her Chicago World's Fair fans to the Chicago Historical Society. Mount Vernon's First Methodist Church observed its 125th anniversary.

INDIANA

The 54-year-old Darlington *Herald*, short-handed, suspended for the duration. At Vincennes, a $75,000 fire at the Baltic Mills destroyed 15,000 bushels of grain. Indiana's strawberry acreage was 24 percent less than normal. At Bloomfield, Mr. and Mrs. Johiel M. Strauser, Green County's oldest couple, celebrated their 69th wedding anniversary. Died at Pierceton: Mrs. Catherine Pletcher, 102. Dr. William F. Rothenburger, pastor of the Third Christian Church, Indianapolis, for 16 years, resigned.

IOWA

Thirty babies born in Iowa in 1942 were named Douglas MacArthur. Buena Vista County dedicated a servicemen's honor roll at Storm Lake. Pella's annual tulip festival was limited to one day. At Albia, juke boxes were ordered removed from beer parlors. Herbert T. Hurley succeeded Lorne M. Boylan, Elkader's second school superintendent to enter the Army in a year. At Harpers Ferry, Ernest Vickory, 13, died after he was hit on the head by a baseball. Francis Foxen was the only senior at St. Mary's High School, New Haven.

LOUISIANA

Fifty-two questions must be answered on the state's new certificate of marriage which replaces the marriage license. Hammond put a 10 P.M.-to-7 A.M. ban on juke-box music. New Orleans department and drug stores limited deliveries to essential merchandise. A war housing-registry service was started to relieve the crowded Alexandria area. De Ridder's Postmaster V. E. Green was ordered to active duty in the Coast Artillery.

MAINE

An incendiary fire destroyed St. John's Parochial School in Brunswick. The University of Maine won the state track title with Colby second. William Henderson, 62, and his two sons, Burnham, 28, and Francis, 18, all of Eastport, were missing, and five others swam ashore after two fishing boats grounded near Cutler. New Hampshire logs were being shipped to Maine waterfront yards for shipbuilding. Amos A. Graffte began his 50th consecutive term as Dennistown's town clerk.

MARYLAND

At Baltimore, a monument honoring soldiers of the 19th and 20th Wards was erected at Payson and Ramsay streets. New housing construction projects included 850 units in Dundalk and Sparrows Point and 950 in the Brooklyn-Curtis Bay area. The Wesley and Freedom Methodist Churches at Freedom merged, ending an 84-year split resulting from a dispute over the slavery question. Southern Maryland was swept by a 4-day forest fire, fought by 5,000 servicemen and civilians.

Cripes, it's the law! Eddie Conlan, 8, jumped into the East River, New York City, to cool off on a hot day, but now he wishes he'd stayed away and roasted.

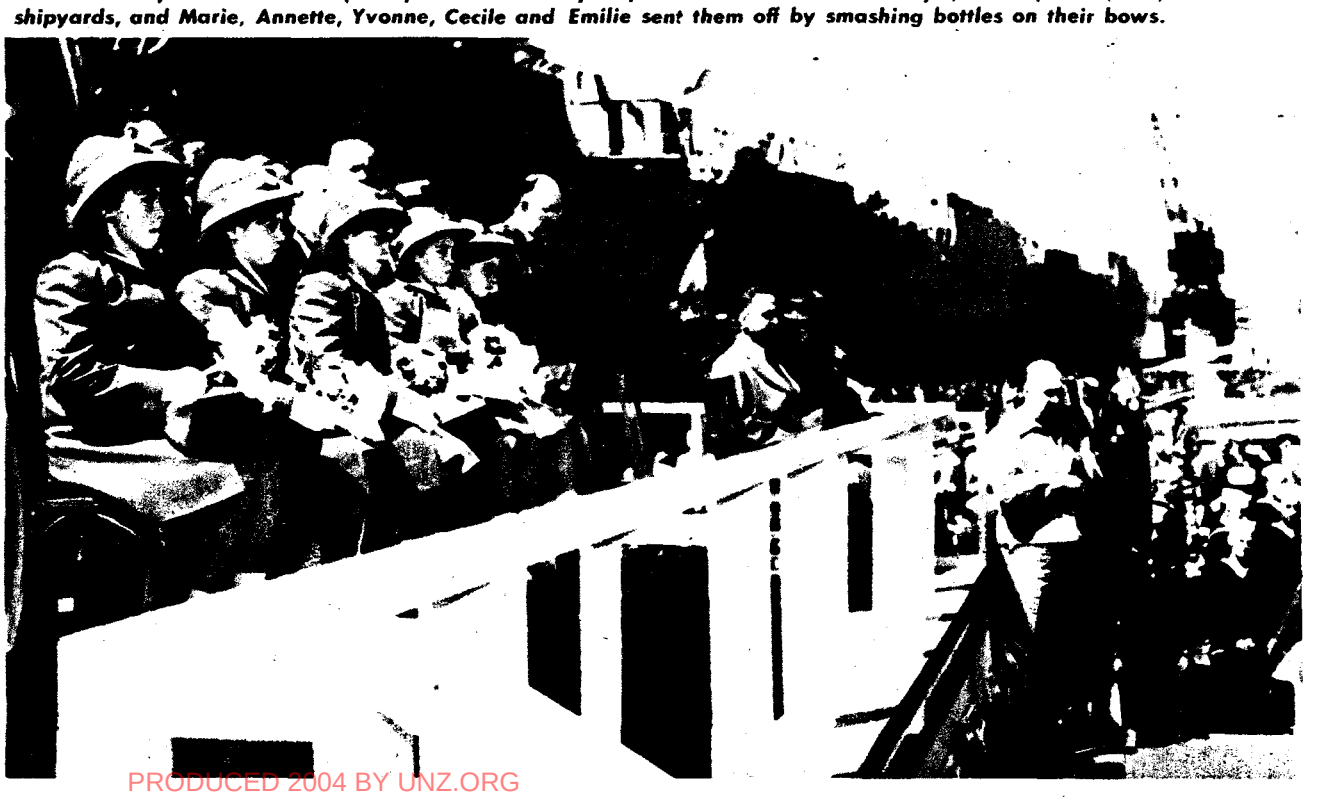
MASSACHUSETTS

Thirty percent of the employees at the Watertown Arsenal are women. At Northampton, Mrs. Beatrice Bouvier, 29, of Ware got 20 years after conviction in the shotgun slaying of her husband Rudolph. Four firemen were injured during a $30,000 fire in the Lee and Humphrey Blocks at Athol. Since Malden's Mayor Newman was inducted, five aldermen have been taking turns serving out his unexpired term. At Boxford, a pack of wild dogs was killing poultry and livestock. At Easthampton, plans were announced for 50 one-family houses.

MICHIGAN

Cold and rain seriously threatened early crops in south and central Michigan. At Adrian, a drive was started against unsanitary eating places after an outbreak of trench mouth. At Detroit, flood waters caused heavy property damage; the Rev. William F. Jerome, Episcopal clergyman and former legislator, died at 79; the OPA froze prices in Wayne County restaurants, accusing restaurateurs of patronizing black markets. Ann Arbor police dragged the Huron River for the bodies of Harry Flickinger, U. of M. freshman, of Utica, and Miss Margaret Kershner, of Charleston, W. Va., after finding their overturned canoe.

It was a set-up for the Dionne quintuplets. Five Liberty ships were launched in one day at the Superior (Wis.) shipyards, and Marie, Annette, Yvonne, Cecile and Emilie sent them off by smashing bottles on their bows.



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Barbara Britton auctions Hollywood trade marks for War Bonds: Dorothy Lamour's sarong, Paulette Goddard's sweater, Veronica Lake's comb and brush.

MISSSOURI

The Springfield Park Board tried to give away a lion because of lack of meat to feed it. Gov. Donnell called out the State Guard to protect workers on the Texas-Illinois pipe line at Cape Girardeau after an AFL effort to unionize the men halted the project. Wayne Pierce, St. Joseph civilian defense auxiliary fireman, was killed fighting a $500,000 fire which swept the opera house and lumberyard at Lamar.

MONTANA

A $225,000 explosion and fire destroyed the Montgomery Ward store at Billings. An open season on grizzly bears was declared for the first time in many years. A legislative investigating committee found that lack of rescue and first-aid equipment was partly responsible for the loss of lives in the Bear Creek coal-mine disaster in which 74 men perished. Oscar Johnson, his wife and her granddaughter, Joan Anderson, all of Anaconda, were killed when their car struck a train near Billings.

NEVADA

Locomotive No. 1 of the old lumber road at Lake Tahoe was presented to the Nevada State Museum at Carson City. Since nearly all male members of the graduating class of the Stewart Indian School near Carson City are in the armed services, they received their diplomas in absentia. Reforestation of Modoc National Forest has proved so successful that an additional 800,000 year-old pine-tree seedlings will be planted. At Reno, Mrs. Loyal Shufflegarger, 38, was held on charges of using the mails to defraud two of four husbands she is alleged to have—two sailors, a merchant seaman and a soldier; she is accused of receiving dependency allotments from the sailors.

NEW JERSEY

Elizabeth barbers asked $1 for haircuts, 40 cents for shaves. Five Paterson speeders drew suspended sentences after signing pledges to buy War Bonds. Geza Pelley of Raritan was fatally shot by a Highland Park cop after killing a Middlesex County jail guard during an attempt to escape. Christian Burton, 75-year-old carpenter's mate of Fort Lee, started his fourth voyage in the Merchant Marine since enlisting nine months ago. Forest fires swept 4,000 acres in Burlington, Ocean and Monmouth Counties, causing $250,000 damage.

NEW YORK

James J. Hines, former Tammany leader, was refused a parole from Sing Sing, where he is serving a 4- to 8-year term for protecting the Dutch Schultz policy racket. In New York City, 15 women were being trained to become street-car operators; 250 East Side poultry dealers closed their shops to protest black-market conditions; Frank Gallo, National City Bank teller, was accused of losing $8,100 of the bank's money at the Jamaica race track when the odds-on favorite lost by a head. Raymond Travis was named fire chief at Ithaca. At Schenectady, Frank Bobowicz paid a $5 fine for eating a parking ticket.

NORTH CAROLINA

The 178-year-old Bethesda Presbyterian Church near Reidsville burned after a cemetery rubbish fire got out of control. Reduced traffic led to the elimination of all but three stop-go lights in Gastonia. Rockingham police investigated the shotgun slaying of T. J. Flake, juke-joint operator. Fire did $40,000 damage in the Roxboro business district. At Boiling Springs, Horace Eason became acting president of Gardner Webb Junior College, succeeding Dr. J. R. Cantrell, resigned.

OHIO

The first Akron-built fighter plane was accepted by the Navy. A typographical-union strike caused the *Evening Independent* at Massillon to suspend publication. Two persons perished and four others were hospitalized when the Flory residential hotel burned at Canton. Sheriff Handman launched a drive on gambling in Hamilton County. Cincinnati's City Council voted 5-4 to retain Eastern war time. At Lima, lightning killed Cyrus Burkholder while he was plowing a corn field with a tractor.

OKLAHOMA

Four persons, including Mrs. Haddie Uzzel and her son Ralph of Clayton were drowned and hundreds of other eastern Oklahoma residents were left homeless by the flooded Arkansas River. Automobile-license tags manufactured from the material used in sales-tax tokens will be used instead of stickers next year. At Tulsa, the cost of haircuts was raised to 65 cents and shaves to 35. The University of Oklahoma graduated 646 students. Disregarding charges that Stephen S. Chandler Jr. of Oklahoma City had assaulted a stenographer in his office eight years ago, the U. S. Senate confirmed his appointment to a newly created federal judgeship in Oklahoma.

OREGON

Nancy Ames of Portland became the first co-ed president of the University of Oregon student body since the first World War. A $26,000 fire severely damaged a 14-unit apartment building at Vanport City. Two jailed youths removed bricks and escaped up the chimney of Oregon City's jail. At Portland, the spare tire of Ray A. Fasching fell off and rolled ahead of his automobile, but before Fasching could catch up with it, another autoist grabbed the tire and escaped.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Chester, the *Marine Eagle*, first ship built entirely by Negroes, was launched at the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. Mrs. George W. Reed of Washington celebrated her 100th birthday in the house where she was born. At Philadelphia, a bombproof shelter was to be provided for the Liberty Bell; 500 poultry shops reopened after a 3-day strike against alleged black-market conditions; Margherita Clement, 21-year-old Social Registerite, was stabbed in the Barclay Hotel lobby, allegedly by Pvt. Sidney Dunn Jr., also a socialite. Mrs. Olga Horlacher of Nanticoke was held at Wilkes-Barre on charges of writing threatening letters to Maj. Gen. Hershey, National Selective Service director.

TENNESSEE

Johnson City dedicated a servicemen's memorial in Fountain Square. At Chattanooga, Mrs. Elsie Sabine, whose son, Coast Guardsman Eugene Sabine, 20, received $100 from Lt. Gen. Patton for firing the first shot in North Africa, became the city's first auxiliary police officer; G. W. Bagwell, preserves manufacturer, was fined $10,000 for using rationed sugar improperly. Jefferson City's "haunted house," built 42 years ago and never occupied, burned.

TEXAS

An Orange shipyard ordered women workers to stop wearing silk slacks and sweaters. Houston's City Council prohibited smoking on busses. At Dallas, police questioned Mrs. Mary K. Frailey about the fatal shooting of her two children. Bob Bluntzer, Corpus Christi businessman, sends a weekly mimeographed round-robin letter to 96 south Texas soldiers. Six Grayson County steel bridges are being salvaged for scrap. Mr. and Mrs. Ad Topperwein, San Antonio sharpshooters, have demonstrated their skill at 120 Army camps. At Kingsville, George Carter, 28, got life for raping an 11-year-old girl.

VERMONT

At Montpelier, Mrs. Ervin Doten, 38, and her daughter Lucille perished in a $50,000 fire which destroyed the Cody Block. Vermont received a WPB plaque for salvaging more scrap metal per capita than any other state. Albert Martin of Windsor sued Glen G. Parker of Norwich for $10,000 for injuries allegedly received when he fell through the floor of a barn on Parker's farm. A total of 122 Vermont women have applied for membership in the USMC Women's Reserve. Died at Castleton: Mrs. Alice Graham, 103.

What Goes On in Your Own Home State

WASHINGTON

Fishermen are getting the best prices in history, with salmon bringing 51½ cents a pound. At Seattle, restaurants asked 10 to 15 cents for a cup of coffee, 20 cents for a cut of pie; despite rationing, the Fauntleroy District staged its annual bean feed; the ham and beans for the affair were laid in before rationing started. Eric Johnston of Spokane was discussed as a possible GOP nominee for the vice-presidency.

WEST VIRGINIA

At Huntington, Judge Hereford excused 41 of 60 prospective jurors because they did essential war work. The State Horticulture Society requested establishment of migratory labor camps in the Martinsburg area during harvest season. Forest fires ravaged 22,824 acres in one week, a high for the year. The Office of Defense Transportation declared the state's school-transportation system the best in the nation.

WYOMING

Former Gov. Smith, Willis Walker of Cheyenne and Sam Keener of Salem, Ohio, bought the 1,000-acre Annenberg ranch in northeastern Wyoming. At Jackson, Charles Kratzer caught eight catfish on one hook; someone had caught the fish, strung them on a wire and then lost the catch, but one remained lively enough to take Kratzer's bait. At Kemmerer, Mrs. Josephine (Grandma) Budd celebrated her 101st birthday.

As spring floods hit Indiana, muddy flood waters swirled around this house near Indianapolis, threatening the New York Central bridge in the background. A million acres of farmland were inundated.

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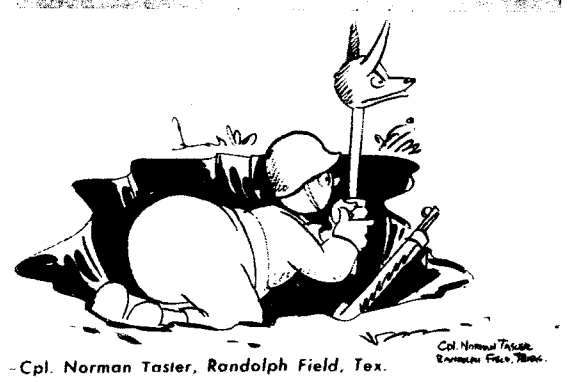
POST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.



—Cpl. Norman Taster, Randolph Field, Tex.

ALOYSIUS

A loud rookie by name Aloysius,
To his sergeant, who that day felt vysius,
Bragged he'd only be seen
In a job that was clean;
So he spent the whole week scrubbing dysius

Army Flying School, Marianna, Fla. —T/5 ABRAHAM STERN

POME

Mary had a little dress,
Dainty, chic and airy.
It didn't show the dirt at all,
But gosh, how it showed Mary!

—Camp Carson (Colo.) *Mountaineer* *Boca Raton Field, Fla.*

Sgt. Sydney Landi, AAC, Richmond, Va.

"There must be some mistake, sir. This can't be the morality film."

On Living Out of a Sack

"He hath borne me on his back a thousand times . . ." —HAMLET

THINGS of first importance in the life of a soldier may vary, but nothing quite transcends the matter of his sack. Use of this plebeian word "sack," I should add, may be confusing to the dogface accustomed to more literary allusions. Let it be said at once that I refer to the blue denim or common variety of barracks bag.

Though living out of a sack is most especially parcel of the soldier's design for duty, there has been considerable confusion as to the proper method of arrangement of the sack's contents. With this in mind we instructed our research staff to make a thorough investigation.

A survey made after dumping 478 sacks selected at random reveals that four arrangements are current and popular.

No. 1 is called Crown Roast with Stuffing. Hard or firm items, such as unused mess gear, broken hangers, unwashed fatigue hats, oranges and books, are arranged as standing ribs around the sack's circular bottom. Into the center is stuffed, like bread dressing into a chicken, the balance of the soldier's regalia.

No. 2 is the Layer Cake Method. Layer on layer, the duffle is spread. Inevitably, of course, anything you want is at the bottom.

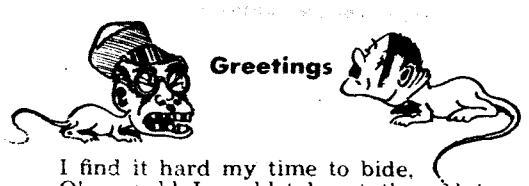
No. 3 is the Card File System. Each item is folded into a long sliver and stacked on end, the idea being that one can ruffle along the top and select his choice at will. Difficulty is that undershirts and drawers will not act like filing cards, and will slump to the bottom.

No. 4, the Potpourri, is adopted by most dogfaces sooner or later. This method is a styleless mass with no lines at all, but grabbing from it in the dark of reveille has all the delicious suspense of pulling the prize out of a grab bag.

The sack, it should be noted, has other uses. The soldier can sit on it; he can hide his dirty GI shoes in it, wrapping them first carefully in his winter undies. He can use it, filled with air, as a life preserver. He can hit it and go to sleep, or he can get it and find himself on his tail. He can, upon urging from his fellow soldiers, blow it out of his sack, though this is an obscure use on which little data is available.

Or, if he wearies of his sack completely, he can send his GI laundry in it, and then he will never see it again.

—Cpl. CHESTER P. HOLWAY



I find it hard my time to bide,
Oh, would I couldst be at thy side!
I'd kick thee in the teeth, my pet,
And spit thee on my bayonet.

Oh, how I wish that I could go
Across the sea to Tokyo
And hoist thee, Son of Heaven, high
Upon a gibbet toward the sky.

Camp Maxey, Tex. —Pvt. VICK JESTER

Drawings by Sgt. Ray Meaney, Camp Chafee, Ark.

How to Get a Rating

THERE is really only one thing to do, or rather several things to do at the same time:

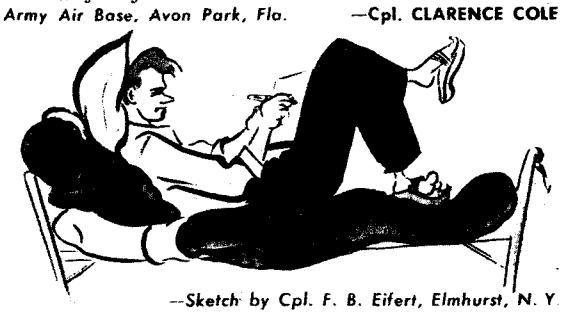
Smile with the lips only, stare vacantly with one eye and close the other partly. Plug each ear with plaster of paris and extend the arms as if resigning yourself to the worst. Then assume a sitting position.

Before you know it you will be rewarded with a sergeant's rating or at least a T/5.

Great care must be taken, however, in the procedure. The smile must be fixed and the partly closed eye must remain partly closed. The latter especially attracts attention. Everyone is used to seeing everyone else stare with two eyes. The extended arms indicate you are still alive, while the plaster of paris helps in your withdrawal from reality.

The sitting posture is recommended because who in hell would want to stand in such a position anyway?

Army Air Base, Avon Park, Fla. —Cpl. CLARENCE COLE



—Sketch by Cpl. F. B. Eifert, Elmhurst, N. Y.

SPRING FEVER IN AFRICA

(A letter to an unknown but highly recommended blond.)

My buddy said that you would be
A peachy girl to write to;
He says that you're a lovely thing,
And even fairly bright, too.
(She's probably as dumb as hell
But she's a girl, at least—oh, well.)

In these respects you differ much
From local girls available:
The native sisters of this town—
Descriptions are not mailable.
(The nurses are restricted for
The aristocracy of war.)

But what to write you puzzles me
Because I never knew you;
You probably don't care about
The things I like—or do you?
(Why did I start this silly letter?
A crap game would have killed time better.)

Suppose we call the whole thing off
And each write to a friend.
It may be duller, but at least
It serves some useful end.
(My Godfrey, how I waste my time;
At least I've made the damn thing rhyme.)

Central Africa —M/Sgt. HAROLD E. SHIPLEY

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

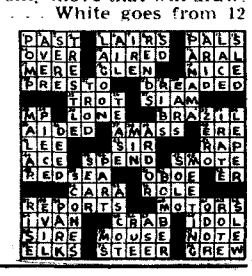
White moves from 30 to 26—the only move that will draw. . . . Black jumps from 23 to 30. . . . White goes from 12 to 8. . . . Black must go from 30 to 26 or pitch back the piece immediately. . . . White moves from 25 to 22, and the Black checker on 17 is on the way out. White draws.

10 IN A ROW

Place 4 on 1; 6 on 9; 8 on 3; 2 on 5; 7 on 10. Done!

DOUBLE PUZZLE

COBRA plus FEZ plus FILE minus COFFEE = BRAZIL. →



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SPORTS: YANK PROPOSES AN ALL-ARMY BASEBALL SQUAD WITH GOWDY AND GREENBERG AS MANAGERS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE formation of the All-Army football squad last fall was a genuinely good idea. It was also a lucrative one. The Army Emergency Relief, for whose benefit the GIs played the National Professional League, reaped a tidy fortune from the gate receipts.

It strikes us that an All-Army baseball squad, handled in much the same manner, would be a tremendous attraction in a series of War Bond games against National and American League teams. The squad could be divided into two units and operate separately as did the East and West Army football teams last fall.

Let's elaborate on the idea with this hypothetical case:

One team, composed largely of Ground Force talent, could play the American League, while the other, picked from the Air Forces, would be pitted against the National League. The pay-off, of course, would come when the two GI teams squared off with each other in some appropriate spot like the outdoor Sports Palace in Berlin.

Without hesitation, we would name Capt. Hank Gowdy, the Fort Benning infantryman, as manager of the Ground Force club. Here's a man whose life span has embraced virtually nothing else but baseball and the Army. He has a deep, rasping voice that can only come from years of barking close-order commands and arguing with umpires.

During the first World War, Gowdy dropped a brilliant major-league catching career to pitch for the AEF. He was, in fact, the first baseball player to enlist. Overseas he saw the hottest action of the war as a color sergeant with the Rainbow Division. Again last winter, while coaching the Cincinnati Reds, he got restless and asked to be recalled to active duty.

To head up the Air Force team, we would designate Capt. Hank Greenberg, one of the greatest sluggers in modern baseball. In many respects, his career is a close parallel to Gowdy's. Like Gowdy, Greenberg was one of the first major-league players to answer his country's call. He was also an enlisted man who came up the hard way. And, of course, it is of no small importance that both are commissioned, which would give their positions of team managers the proper dignity and authority.

Capts. Hank Greenberg and Hank Gowdy would be our selections to manage the All-Army squad.

Both Greenberg and Gowdy could surround themselves with the greatest playing talent in baseball. You have only to thumb through a partial list of big-league players in the Army to realize just how imposing these teams would be. However, it should be pointed out that the Air Forces has the largest reservoir of major-league material which might be used to supplement the Ground Force team. Especially with infielders. That, of course, could be worked out between Gowdy and Greenberg. Col. Bob Neyland and Maj. Wallace Wade had the same problem when they began selecting the East and West Army football teams, and finally decided on the boys with Grantland Rice as the arbitrator.

Here's an All-Army line-up combining both Ground and Air Forces that should give you an idea of the kind of talent Gowdy and Greenberg might be able to collect through channels if the War Department ever okayed the project.

PLAYER	POSITION	MAJOR-LEAGUE TEAM
Hank Greenberg	First Base	Detroit Tigers
Frank Crespi	Second Base	St. Louis Cards
Buddy Lewis	Third Base	Wash. Senators
Cecil Travis	Shortstop	Wash. Senators
Pete Reiser	Outfield	Brooklyn Dodgers
Joe DiMaggio	Outfield	N. Y. Yankees
Walt Judnich	Outfield	St. Louis Browns
Harry Danning	Catcher	New York Giants
Red Ruffing	Pitcher	N. Y. Yankees
Johnny Beazley	Pitcher	St. Louis Cards
Sid Hudson	Pitcher	Wash. Senators
Hugh Mulcahy	Pitcher	Philadelphia Phils

From the player's standpoint, the All-Army team would be a natural. Many of the major leaguers in the Army have said they don't particularly like the idea of playing on camp teams. As far as they are concerned it's strictly sandlot baseball, which is true. They would like to band together like the Army footballers, play the big leagues or even the Navy, and then get on with the war.

Why not give them a chance?

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Bombardier Lou Zamperini, former USC track star, examines a hole in his Liberator after returning from a raid on a Japanese base.

There's a story making the rounds that when **Cpl. Billy Conn** was stationed at the New Cumberland (Pa.) Reception Center, he got fresh with **Sgt. Pat Mullin**, the Detroit Tiger outfielder, and Pat literally slapped him back in his place. . . . Attention **A/C Leonard Gierdorf** of the Yale AAF Technical Training Command School: You probably don't know it, but your much-heralded 1,111 consecutive sit-ups in a physical-training test did not set a record as publicized. **A/C John Bugler** of the Iowa Naval Pre-Flight School has you beat by a thousand or more. He recently registered 2,326 consecutive sit-ups and stopped at that point, because, after 2½ hours, everybody got bored and went back to the barracks.

Manager Jimmy Dykes was greatly relieved to hear that his ponderous first baseman, **Sgt. Zeke Bonura**, was stationed at a supply base in North Africa and not up front looking for the German Army. Dykes still has alarming visions of Zeke motoring from his home in New Orleans to the Chicago training camp with a compass attached to the steering wheel. "I asked Zeke why he carried the compass," Dykes said, "and he told me so that he wouldn't get lost. Then I asked him how do you read the compass. Without batting an eyelash, Zeke said, 'I be damned if I know.'"

While passing through Camp Upton, N. Y., **Pvt. Bob Pastor** told his friends that he would never box again. An expert skier, Pastor is headed for the Camp Hale (Colo.) Mountain Training Center. . . . **Pvt. Herby Karpel**, who was tagged for spring delivery to the New York Yankees, is now an acting platoon sergeant at Camp Bowie, Tex. Karpel was an 11-game winner at Kansas City last year and named as the outstanding pitcher in the American Association. . . . Golf star **Horton Smith** is winning his bars at the AAF physical-training OCS at Miami Beach, Fla.

Gar Wood Jr., son of the renowned speedboat king, fits like a glove in the Engineer Amphibian Command at Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . **Harry Eisenstat**, who quit the Cleveland Indians to work in a defense plant, goes on another job next month. He will be inducted. . . . **Pvt. Donald Budge**, the grand-slam tennis champion, now gets top billing at Sheppard Field, Tex., as a ping pong player. . . . The **Pittsburgh Steelers** may close their National Professional Football League franchise for the duration. All but six of the Steelers are in the Army.

If we know anything about OCS, Horton Smith, the golf pro, spends a good deal of his time keeping those shoes shined at Miami Beach, Fla.

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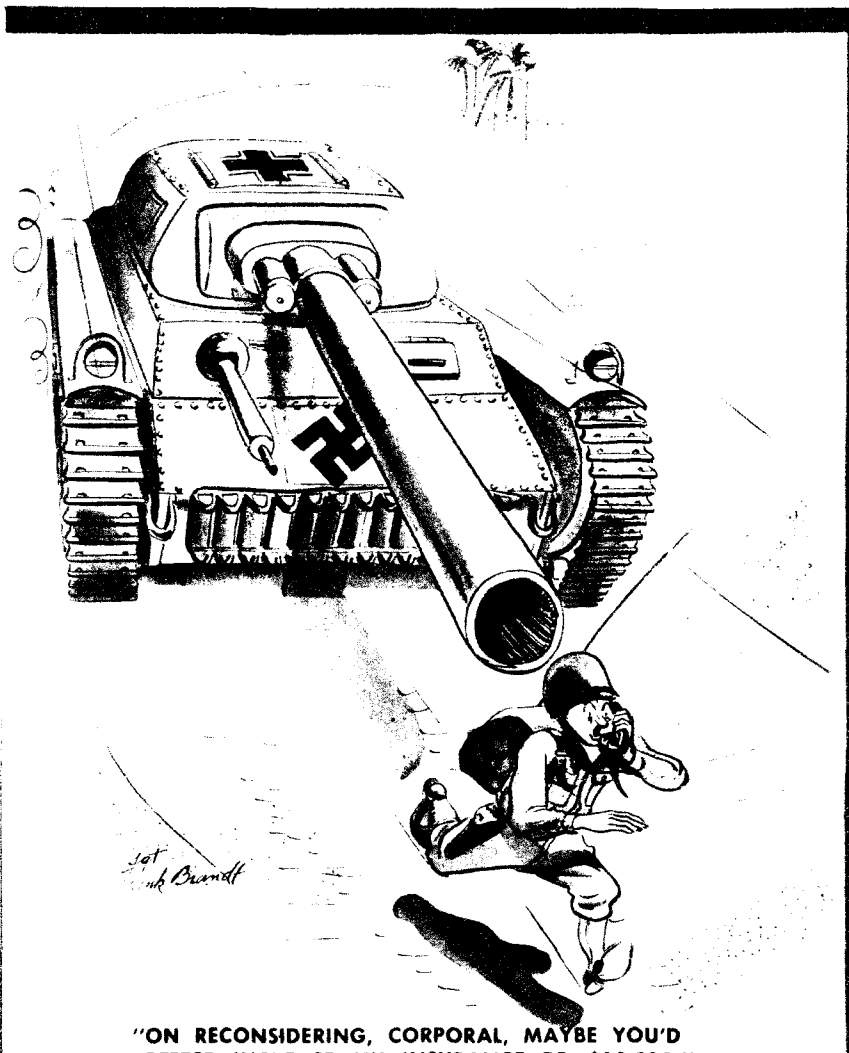
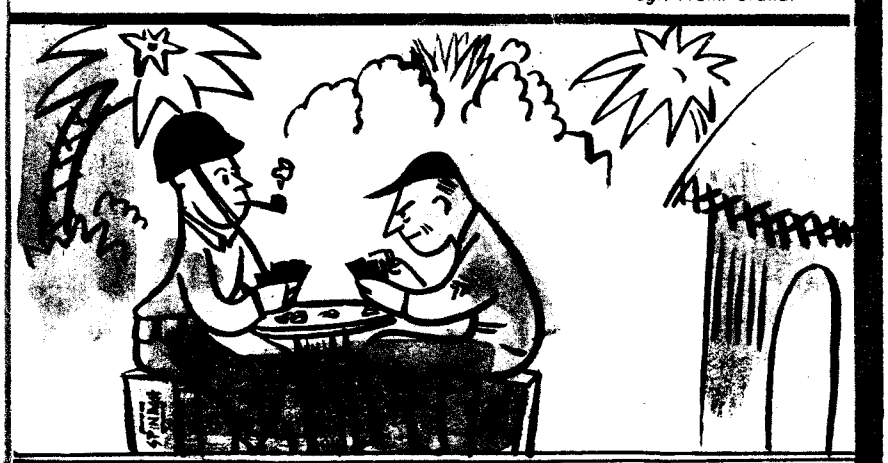
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"HE WANTS TO KNOW IF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS ARE STILL IN THE LEAGUE."
—Pvt. George Blinn, AEF

"LIKE I WAS SAYING, WITH THE ARMY GIVING YOU FREE FOOD, CLOTHING AND SHELTER, WHAT'S A GUY GOT TO WORRY ABOUT?"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.



"ON RECONSIDERING, CORPORAL, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER INCREASE MY INSURANCE TO $10,000."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt



—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell, AAF, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

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